

# THE WAR CRY

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HENRY RYLAND

"THE SONG OF THE CITY."

See article by the Correspondent,  
page 9.



# Harry's Harvest.

A STORY OF THE WEST.

By W. C. E.

## CHAPTER I.

"G O! I don't want to see you enter this door again. If you dare to come back I will have you put in jail!"

It was Mr. Gibson, who, flushed with indignation, uttered these angry words, as he grasped the table with one hand to steady his shaking frame, while he pointed with the other to the door.

Harry, so brave a minute before, stood as one stupefied. He had not expected that his old father would go to such a length. He could scarcely believe that he had been ordered to leave the old home.

"Go!" cried the indignant old man. "Your presence defiles this house. Go before I fling you out by the neck, like an unclean beast!"

Harry had never seen his father in such a passion. The threat, however, hardened him, and walking up he cast a look of defiance upon the gray-haired man, and stalked out into the night.

Mrs. Gibson was weeping bitterly. "What have you done, father? You have sent Harry to his ruin, and now nothing will save him."

"Don't say any more mother," painfully replied Gibson. "It hurts me fearfully, but Harry can no longer stay here."

## CHAPTER II.

HARRY was neither genius nor fool, he had been an average boy, with fair power of learning, but had not had much inclination towards the school. He delighted in games, was fond of mischief, and rather good-natured than evil inclined.

His parents and sisters had rather indulged him, being the only boy in the family; this made him self-willed. He would have his way, and he had his way, and became a madman to many.

On leaving school he became an apprentice to a blacksmith. Harry had learned to smoke before he left school, but, unfortunately, he had now also learned to drink and swear, for his new master indulged in both, although he was scarcely ever seen intoxicated in public. Harry had not the strength to stop when he had too much, nor could he conceal the effects of drink so well, hence he became quickly enslaved, and was frequently completely drunk.

One afternoon, while his master had set out for a neighboring village, from which he was not expected to return till late at night, Harry especially wanted drink, but had no money to buy it with. It happened that a stranger came in to get his horse shod, and the payment received for the work tempted Harry strongly to spend it for drink. He resisted the temptation for nearly an hour, but the strong appetite for drink overcame him, and he went to the saloon, where he met some bad companions, and in their company freely indulged in liquor. As a result he came back drunk, after his master had returned much earlier and had found the shop forsaken and the door ajar. Outside, besides the stranger who had his horse shod had returned for a whip he had left at the shop, and so the master had found out that Harry had taken the money. Harry, on being asked whether any business had been done, said, "No, nothing," was caught in a lie and a theft. The blacksmith brutally whipped the drunken young man, leaving fearful marks all over his body.

That night, Harry resolved to revenge himself, he did it at once, while still under the influence of drink, by cutting the sinews of the hind legs of his master's horse, which had been his pride and pleasure. Then he slipped into his parents' home, where he hid himself. The blacksmith had found out the fearful deed when going into the stable that same evening, and to a furious rage had run to Harry's parents to inform them of Harry's infamous conduct.

Harry had had several quarrels with his father before about the loose bab-

its he was forming, hence when this affair, in the worst possible manner, was reported, the latter, who had hitherto believed, while his boy might become a drunkard, or swearer, or gambler, would never stoop to such a dastardly deed as theft, and the cruel injury of a valuable and innocent horse, was so humiliating and bitterly disappointed that he told Harry to leave the house. Harry left, and never more returned.

Two years after that, the broken-hearted father died, and his faithful son survived him only for a few weeks, but Harry knew not at the time that the two hearts who had loved him best, and would gladly have taken him back after that fatal night, had been taken away from this world.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN Harry left his home he felt a fearful tumult of emotions. He was especially indescribably humbled by the thought that his father actually believed him to be mean enough to do such a deed as this only for a few weeks, but Harry knew not at the time that the two hearts who had loved him best, and would gladly have taken him back after that fatal night, had been taken away from this world.

It was scarcely an evidence of the strivings of the Spirit that led his thoughts into this channel, but Harry soon put everything from his mind when he remembered that he had been disgraced.

That night and the following day Harry walked to M——, a considerable distance from his home. He was fortunate to obtain work on a sailing vessel and shipped within two days for South America.

Six years as a sailor, spent on the sea or in the various seaports of the globe, did not improve Harry. He took to gambling, and became a heavy drinker. When he had money, and a port to spend it in, he would never rest until every cent had been spent. He was on his way to a drunkard's grave, and rapidly advanced at that.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHILE in the harbor of N—— Harry became engaged in a brawl with some Swedish sailors, which resulted in a slight fight. Harry was drunk, but not so much, but what he could draw his knife and stab one of his opponents, who fell with a groan to the floor. The flow of warm blood acted like a fearful shock on Harry. He looked at the blood-stained knife. He was on his way to a drunkard's grave, and rapidly advanced at that.

Harry was sentenced to five years imprisonment, and for five long years he wore the prisoner's garb. While

in jail he remembered the Sunday School text: "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption."

## CHAPTER V.

RELEASE from jail brought freedom at last. Harry, however, was a broken man, although yet young in years. He had sought work and found it. Shortly afterwards he felt, with his first cash in his pocket and the liberty to spend it, the old craving for drink returning with tremendous force. He had resolved to stop drinking when in jail, and thought he had been delivered from its power. Now he found himself under its spell. First he thought he would try just a glass. He had it, but the first glass seemed to awaken a sleeping monster in his veins. It cried for more, and more he must have. Harry was a young man who worked in the same shop induced him to leave the saloon under the pretext to go to another one.

On the next street corner they met the Salvation Army. It was the first time Harry saw them. He was in the general ring, although he had often heard of them. He stopped and listened out of curiosity to the singing of a young girl, who sang some new words to the tune of a song well known to Harry. He was simply fascinated. He listened to everything, and everything seemed to be especially said and sung for him. The Spirit strove again with him, but this time he yielded. With sobs of contrition he knelt at the drum, and found there the forgiveness of sins through a Savior's mercy. He began to sow to the Spirit.

## CHAPTER VI.

SIXTEEN years after this, in a western town, an unusual sight was seen. The little Salvation Army barracks was crowded to its doors, and along the main street many people stood in expectancy of the procession soon to come.

In front of the platform, inside the barracks, rested a coffin, and on it laid a soldier's cap and a well-worn Bible. "We mourn not as those who have no hope," said the Captain, "but we know that our beloved brother has only laid down the sword to take up the crown in heaven, where we all hope to meet him some day. Once he was a drunkard—he used to say so. In his last testimony on his dying bed, he told me if he had lived till to-day it would have been his spiritual birthday. Sixteen years ago he found salvation in the open-air ring of the Army, and for sixteen years he has been a faithful Christian and a true soldier of the Army. His example has been a shining light in this community. His cheerful talk has encouraged and helped many who were in trouble. He was always ready to help in any way he could with his voice, his money, his strength, his faith, and his prayers, and we have sustained a great loss indeed."

Here the voice failed the Captain, he bowed his head, a half-faded sob escaped him, and he bowed forward every eye. Harry had been beloved and believed in, and everyone missed him.

"But," continued the Captain with tremulous voice, "we know he was prepared to die. He asked me to read the twenty-third Psalm, and then he repeated: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for Thou art with me' and with a smile on his countenance he fell back dead."

"Yet he is not dead. His influence

lives with us, his holy example is before us, and we shall strive to be again one day, when sin and sorrow will trouble us no more."

Harry had now also proved to "He who soweth to the Spirit shall the Spirit reap everlasting life."



## III—THE GERMAN.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

Leopold I. . . . . AD. 1848.

The eldest son of Ferdinand died before his father, and the second, Leopold, was not eighteen years old when he was crowned King of the Romans. This gave Louis, King of France an opportunity of trying to get himself elected to the throne, and he failed over the three times. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, who had become a Roman Catholic, but Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, who is called the Great Elector, kept the others from France, and Louis was crowned King of the Romans. Leopold had been educated for the priesthood, and was a very devout and pious, most upright and careful, but far from clever or strong, and he did not do great things, though he had little things very well. He was good at playing on the viola, but his music master exclaimed: "With plenty your majesty is not a fiddler."

He was unfortunate, for Louis was on the watch to gain all his power from Germany in its worst state, and was his enemy all his life, fighting with the Rhinelanders against him, so that the war was long.

The Great Elector saw Louis's plans, and did his best to stop the Germans, together, but the Swedes invaded his part of Pomerania, and he was not only driven there, but seized most of what they had been granted at the peace of Westphalia.

The Austrians were defeated on the Rhine, and a peace was made at Nijmegen, in 1678, for all the wars which Brandenburg was forced to give up what he had gained in Pomerania in spite of the peace, Louis declared that the great free city of Strasburg belonged to Elsass, and in 1681 while most of the burgesses were at the great fair of Frankfurt, he seized the place and kept it, turning the chief inhabitants to submit, and changing it as much as possible to be a French Roman Catholic town, of a German Protestant citizen.

When Louis, King of France, would have made a league to recover it, but that the Elector of Brandenburg was so angry at having been deprived of his conquest in Pomerania that he would not join the league in any way. Moreover, he stirred up the Hungarians against him, and indeed Leopold had been dreadfully harsh to the Protestants there, and had sent two hundred and fifty of their pastors to the galleys as slaves at Naples. The Hungarians then obtained their freedom. The Hungarians returned, and after a few years called in their old Mohammed IV. the Sultan, who sent his Grand Vizier, Ibrahim, at the head of an army to help him against Austria itself. Leopold and his family were obliged to flee, and left Vienna to be occupied by the governor, Count Starhemberg, and his bishop, Kolumnsky, who was a Knight of St. John, and was small, but so courageous that he led the Austrian army under the Duke of Lorraine, with such an army as he could collect, and in it the young Prince Eugene, a cousin of the Duke of Savoy. He had been bred up in the French court, but he had given proof of his stiffness and had given with some other young men to fight against the Turks. Their letters were captured and opened, and were used to make game of the King. He never forgave what he thought of him, and Eugene continued to serve the Emperor.

COMING!

THE

COMING!

GENERAL.

WHEN? WHERE? SEE DATES ON PAGE 15.



## Our Missionary Fields—Java.

SOCIAL WORK AT SAPOERAN, NEDERLANDS.

BY MRS. ENSIGN THOMSON.

The native population here is very poor, and often the people are so infected with sores of one kind or another that application to us for aid are very numerous. Several additions have recently been made to our little colony, and a home for widows has been opened. These we supply with food and shelter, while they put in light labor, such as mat making, etc. We have also some children under our control. The work is being recognized by the Government officials, and we are expecting support from them.

Just after starting our Social Work I visited the Assistant Resident's wife in Wonosobo, who received me very kindly, though in talking to her I was at a disadvantage. She asked me to speak in English, and she would reply in Dutch. I do not hear much Dutch now, and felt she did not know much English, so decided to write to her, as many people here read and can understand English fairly well who do not speak it. The result was a reply to the effect that the Assistant, who would visit and inspect our work shortly, coming from "Osoobob—ten miles.

They came, accompanied by our own "Controlleur," and properly stormed our little settlement. The Assistant asked permission to use mikay, as then the Javanese officials could understand as well. He made many inquiries before beginning the inspection, and showed very great interest. He spoke of the children especially (all at one time beggars), and said how happy and contented they looked, and how fat (only he said "proud").

He then inspected the women's quarters, and freely commented upon the cleanliness of the Shelter and the inmates, remarking how much better and cleaner they looked than the ordinary Javanese. Before leaving he promised to give us what help he could, and said that the Resident, who is the head European official, would like to see for himself what we were doing.

The day of this eventful visit at length arrived, and with it a company of native policemen, who cleared the road and kept it clear for about an hour before the Resident's arrival. All traffic was suspended, and the

coolies had to place their loads on the roadside and squat down alongside them. At last there was a crack of whips and a galloping of horses. Here he comes! and about twenty horsemen—in many colored tunics and official coats—swing into view. These were the small native officials, and they each carried a small flag, so that it was quite a picturesque sight. The Resident's carriage, which was drawn by six small boys, came along at a terrific rate, and had gone considerably past our quarters before the horses could be pulled up.

We had all the children—sixteen in number—arranged in the native reception room. Some of them had only arrived the day before, and they looked quite spick and span in their "new-old" jackets. (I make them jackets out of all kinds of old clothes.) The children, who had been here for some time, wore red print jackets, and looked very nice.

The Resident spoke English well enough to be understood. With the other high officials—four in number—he inspected the Shelter and saw the mat making. It was remarked how happy and well-fed the children looked, though the Resident himself said little in the way of encouragement, and did not commit himself in any way. Yet I feel sure he was pleased, and that some financial assistance will come from him.

We have now thirty-four women and children to feed, employ, teach, and lead to Christ and to Heaven. Those children who are without father or mother I am especially grateful of. One of our greatest difficulties is the deception amongst them, our mothers who are with their children teach them to deceive, and I often wish I could have all the children by themselves.

The work is as yet only two months old, and the women come to us such skeletons that it is some time before they can be expected to do much in the way of work. We do a good deal in the way of helping the sick, and have some come to us with their legs and feet in an awful condition, sometimes having been had for two years, and in many instances with the bones quite exposed.

We feel this work is of God, and will have good success as time goes on. Will our comrades pray for us,

that the Lord will give us wisdom and patience? The children are my own special care, as in them, by God's grace, I see our officers for the future. From amongst them we are selecting to see some arise who shall lead many of their countrymen in this land to the light and knowledge of Jesus.

### THE LADDER OF OBSTACLES.

How dependent we are on obstacles in our every effort at progress! The aspiring eagle, in its lofty flight heavenward, could never rise above the earth except as every motion of its wings meets with resistance from the surrounding air. And thus it is with the smaller birds of song or of beauty, filling the air with praise and delight. Wings, large or small, have their value according to the resistance which they meet, and by which they make progress.

"Resistance to its pinions light  
Uplifts the bird in airy flight;  
Resistance to the winged soul  
Uplifts it to the lofty goal."  
Bird or man can fail by its own weight to its own harm. But if it would use its God-given wings for progress or aspiration, it must do so by resisting and overcoming opposition. Are we sufficiently grateful for opposition as a help to progress in the world?—S. S. Times.

## THE KLONDIKE.

An Interesting Letter From Adjutant Kenway Describing His Travels and What He Thinks of Dawson.

Many of our readers will be pleased to hear from the third Klondike contingent. We left Toronto on Saturday, July 13th, Brigadier Gaskin accompanying us to Parkdale station. We were not long on the car before we made friends with other tourists who were going in Vancouver, who were very nice indeed, and did everything to make the trip a pleasant one.

We arrived at Winnipeg about one o'clock on Monday. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and the officers of the Rescue Home did all they could to make our stay there delightful. After dinner we were able to replenish our lunch basket, and then we went to the Rescue Home for tea. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and Adj. and Mrs. McGill were present. A few came to see us off at six o'clock, although we felt we would like to remain over to take in the Council that was to be conducted by Brigadier Southall. Our trip to Vancouver was a very inter-

esting one, especially going through the Rockies. We arrived at Vancouver at five o'clock on Thursday evening, where the officers did all in their power to make us comfortable, and we were very pleasant. We held a meeting on Friday night, then went from the meeting to the "Princess May." Most of the soldiers came down to the boat with us and wished us God-speed and success in the far north. Mrs. Craney, an old soldier's wife when stationed in New Glasgow, N.S., brought down to the boat a splendid singing canary, and we have been cheered by its singing early in the trip.

The Princess May! The kindness of the officers and crew cannot be too highly estimated; they were very kind indeed, and ready to put them selves out to make the passage comfortable. We held a short service on Sunday night, which was well attended. In travelling on this boat we had every comfort possible. She compares favorably with all the large liners, and is a very comfortable ship at an hour. We are expecting to arrive at Skagway to-morrow morning at four. Then we take train to White Horse, and expect to take boat for Dawson to-morrow night. We are hoping to arrive in Dawson on Thursday night. Every one of the party includes Lieut. Allen, Ensign Holman, Mrs. Kenway and myself, are in the best of spirits and enjoying the trip greatly, although we have a feeling that we shall not be able to see Dawson and relieve our dear comrades. Will try and let you have a few items of the other part of trip.—G. W. Kenway.

Dear War Cry Readers.—The last word I sent you was from the Princess May at Skagway. Now for the balance of the trip. On landing from the steamer we marched (walked) up the officers' quarters, where Capt. Long was just having breakfast for himself, so that we just started quarters in a nice time, for it did not take her long to get us all a cup of tea, which was much enjoyed. The Capt. was pleased to see us, as we were imagined. The Capt. was to take in a picnic, as the train was going the same direction as we, so as to have the pleasure of our company, but unfortunately the train moved off without us, and the pleasure-seekers on board, so it was a quick farewell.

What a ride to White Horse! I have done some tall climbing in my day, but this beats all. I looked at the old trail and said, "I have seen the depths of my heart that we had an easier way of transport than had the pioneer party. We arrived at White Horse about five, and there we were met by the boat did not leave for Dawson until the next evening. We had supper, then strolled around the place and were greatly taken up with it. The little cabins made of canvas quite took our eyes. The people there were very sociable, and some of them greatly in love with the Army, and are looking forward to the day when the Army will be there to grapple with the sin that abounds. We knew well that we were getting near the Klondike, as we found that it took about \$15 to board the four of us for the day.

The trip from White Horse was very interesting (we came up in the S.S. Dawson), and it only took us thirty-six hours. We arrived at our destination on Friday morning. The S.A. forces were there to give us a hearty welcome. We were soon informed that the farewell and welcome meeting had been arranged for in the Presbyterian Church. One thing is very noticeable, and that is the friendly feeling that exists between the different denominations. The ministers are splendid fellows, and in sympathy with the Army and its work, and the people of this city are all that can be expected, owing to the transitional character of the populace, but then we have been treated well. Our soldiers are few in numbers, but are of the right stamp. Already we have had some good meetings and good collections, and two souls for mercy. One is taking his stand well, and is a great help, as he is a good musician.

The officers left the next day after our arrival; although being here two years, yet a tear could be seen in their eyes.

The officers are doing well, and the prospects are bright for the future.



The Harvest of the Yukon—Washing for Gold.



# WHEN THE TIDE TURNED.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PAGE.

It was low water with the Smithson family—not that they would have acknowledged it for the world.

The cheerful ankle at which Philip wore his cap was seeking for work, gave no suggestion of the dry crust which had formed his breakfast, while the much-washed shawl of his wife was so arranged as to hide at least two-thirds of the multi-colored patches which decorated her gown. But their poverty was none the less because of their pride. Smithson's long illness in the winter had lost him his situation, and plunged them into debt, and when a man goes down in a big way it is a hard and long, and sometimes impossible struggle for him to find his feet again.

Their Thanksgiving dinner was very meagre. The two mutton chops glorified into youth but their color, the name of lamb, were sickly reminders of the turkey which had graced the board on former occasions. But it was the first meat which had seen their table for many weeks, and their lack of quantity was not their fault. Smithson made up in the excellence of her cooking. Her good spirits were infectious, and the frugality of the meal was forgotten in the bits of fun with which it was served.

"Thank God we are still together, Phil," she exclaimed, smiling at him with moist eyes across the table. "That's better than a big pocket-book and a cheerless hearth."

"Aye," said Philip, "I'd like the other, too, if only for your sake, wife."

"Oh, it doesn't make so much difference to me," her innate unselfishness hastened to assure him, "at home all day and don't feel so much the need of—"

A timid tap at the door broke off the remark, and a gaunt face, surmounted by a tangled crown of hair, peeped round it. On invitation to enter, the tangled one pushed the door wide and stood revealed. It was a child—the sorriest picture of youth and misery.

"Queer I've come wrong," said the apparition, resting for one bare foot and then on the other, while the sharp little nose gave surreptitious sniffs at the savory atmosphere.

"Thought this was Mr. Bell's room," mother sent me to borrow a candle."

"I can lend you a candle, little one," said Mrs. Smithson, rising to the cupboard. She was detained by her husband, and there was a whispered colloquy between them. It seemed there was yet a third chop put by for Philip, generally empty dinner basket to-morrow.

"Cook it for her," he whispered. "The most unselfish woman finds it hard to relinquish what is for the benefit of those dear to her. Mrs. Smithson demurred, but her husband was firm, and soon the little stranger was seated at the table, a huge piece of bread in her hand, and a wide stare of delighted wonder in her hungry eyes."

Mrs. Smithson's cooking of the third chop was a triumph of culinary art, and it was to be regretted that it was devoured so quickly. The starved child ate like a wolf, but the Smithson's hearts were not as they watched and Philip's heart was still light as he set forth on his fruitless task that morning, though the dinner pail only contained the usual crust, which had been packed up by Mrs. Smithson this morning with singularly shining eyes.

Collecting was dreary work that day. A dismal rain was falling, and even the stiff mackintosh of the policeman's coat wore a limp aspect. The stern face under the gloomy helmet brightened with a smile as the lighted raincoat of the soldier of the Captain, for here was not only a man of blue but a soldier of salvation.

"Sorry to see you without an umbrella, Captain; hasn't you got none?" "Must think of one till it's a order, Bob; I want every cent for my target, and you know the old bonnet's neither sugar nor salt, and doesn't quite dissolve."

The Captain laughed. Time was when she had been the cherished daughter of a luxurious home, and had not known a want—but sacrifice carries its own sweetness, and the heart under the limp bonnet was light as air.

But Bob's smile was rather grim. He considered the officer of his corps under his official protection, and made a mental note to be transferred to his official note book as soon as the Captain's back was turned. It would read rather strangely, "Capt. Curtis new umbrella urgent," under the last entry, which happened to be "Drunk and disorderly." But Bob was a methodical soul, and was as orderly in his benevolence as in his business.

But the Captain had not yet passed on, she paused before him fingered her collecting card and pencil.

"I've quite exhausted my district, Bob," she said, "and not near filled my card. What about that big red house? Are tenants in yet?"



Baby's First Harvest.



## Martin's H. F. Gift.

By ENSIGN WHITTEKER.

"I RECKON we've put in a good half-day's work, boys," said Mr. Martin, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with his large red handkerchief, "and there's the dinner-hour at last."

His three stalwart sons raised their heads at the sound, dropped the hoes with which they had been digging potatoes, and all four proceeded to the splendid brick dwelling recently erected by the farmer.

Mrs. Martin greeted them with her usual smile. She looked the picture of health and happiness, and there was a ruddy glow on her countenance as she lifted the steaming potatoes from the saucepan.

"Well, wife," said the farmer, "if I don't see we will have all the potatoes in this afternoon, and a lot of good, sound potatoes they are, too." Before Mr. Martin had time to frame a reply Edith, their fair-haired little daughter, rushed into the house breathless with excitement and haste. "O mamma, I saw two ladies driving up the road with such funny looking hats on; I watched to see where they would go, and they have just turned in our gate."

"What can the child mean?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, it's the Salvation Army; I guess they are on a begging expedition. I have seen flaming posters up announcing their Harvest Festival;

"Oh, Smithson's," said Bob. "They are well-to-do people, I hear. Made a fortune in a day, so I hear tell. Been down very low ones, they say, before he struck this business; ought to be generous."

Two minutes later Capt. Curtis was standing beneath the imposing portico of the big red house. A woman attired in rustling silk, but with a care-worn face, answered the ring. She listened to the Captain's request with a doubtful air.

"Perhaps—she would ask—"

But a heavy step was behind her, and a stern voice demanded what "all that row was about?" "Thank—offering!" exclaimed the man, almost throwing the card in the Salvationist's face. "One would think one was made of money by the whole-sale requests for 'offerings' one gets. As for me, I've enough to look after my business without bothering about religious matters, and their interminable asking for more and more cash." And with a sneer Philip Smithson shut the door in the Salvationist's face.

For the turning of the tide had left Philip a backslider. He is not the only man who has remembered God in adversity's clasp, but forgotten Him in prosperity's dow.

At the first opportunity the Captain made known his mission to Mr. Martin, cautiously approaching him on the subject.

"I believe the Army is doing good, but I tell you candidly, I don't like all this begging."

"Don't you understand our Harvest Festival scheme? Let me explain it to you; and the Captain proceeded. "The object of this effort is to give an expression of thankfulness to God for His goodness in providing for your needs. In the 29th chapter of Exodus we read that God made all those who were of a willing heart to bring an offering unto the Lord for the building of the Tabernacle. Moses found, as we do, that almost anything and everything could be used to good advantage in the tabernacles of the desired end, and gives to the people a long list of articles which could be put to service in the promoting of this object. Then we have a list of things which are willing offerings that is acceptable to God, and a great blessing always attends true giving, for we read, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Again we read in God's Word that 'the tithes of the land, and of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, of the herd or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord.' You have had an abundant harvest this year, and you must not forget that this is all through the blessing of God, and that you are really indebted to Him."

But the Captain's words seemed a little or no avail. He supposed it was all right, but did not see the necessity of making any sacrifice himself.

Mr. Martin was not always in such comfortable circumstances. By dint of hard work and careful living he had accumulated considerable property, but a few rough years had left him most on the point of saying, "Thou hast much good, laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He did not wish to be troubled on the question of giving.

However, the Captain asked for the Bible, and opening at the 12th chapter of Luke, she read the story of the foolish farmer, finishing with these beautiful words, "But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"We'll pray for you," said the Captain, as they were about to take their departure.

It was Saturday afternoon, the commencement of the Harvest Festival. The decorations were nearly completed, and the officers were just finishing the arrangement of the vegetables and fruit in the barracks.

"If we only had some potatoes—strange that no one has brought any," said the sergeant.

"Mr. Martin had such lovely potatoes, and I really thought he would bring us some, though he did refuse at the time we asked for them; I must say I am disappointed, and the Captain sighed as fresh thoughts came to her mind.

"Keep believing, God will not allow us to be defeated if we really do our best," and the cheerful little lieutenant proceeded to arrange the piles of red-checked apples, the large cabbage heads, etc. In the most artistic manner. The afternoon's work finished, they had tea, and were busy tidying up their little quarters, when there was a loud knock at the door.

The Captain quickly opened it, the Lieutenant looked up to see who was there, and almost dropped the tray of dishes she was carrying as she beheld the stately form of Mr. Martin, seated in the carriage with little Edith.

"I've brought you some potatoes for your Harvest Festival, and we are all coming to your meeting to-night," said he, and began to unload the potatoes. The Captain did not seem surprised. Some one else had been feeling that God would touch the farmer's heart, since she had been praying so earnestly for him.

They enjoyed the meeting so much that they drove in again on Sunday night, and, best of all, Mr. Martin was found kneeling at the mercy seat.

The following Captain reached his target, and had a few dollars to spare, and she had the joy of seeing her father and his family under the blood-and-fire flag.



## Territorial Newslets.

Harvest Festival week is here again. How the time flies, and how quickly our opportunities for doing good are slipping away. Men and money are so essential in pushing forward the claims of Christ on a dark and sinful world. We are convinced that throughout the Territory we have men and women of the right stamp who will again push the effort for all they are worth. Echoes from far and near raise our highest expectations for a brilliant victory.

Toronto has been besetted with visitors during the last two weeks, and quite a few Salvationists have taken advantage of the cheap rates to the Queen City. An old couple, veterans in the Salvation war, had evidently been hunting around for the Territorial Headquarters on Albert St. for a very long time, when at last their weary feet wandered in the right direction. But they were not quite sure they had struck the spot and they peeped through the window of the Trade Office, where they noticed the picture of the dear General: their faces were illuminated in a moment, and they joyfully exclaimed, "We have found the place!"

We are extremely cheered by the interest displayed in the "Centennial" in regard to the boomers' list. We have no doubt we shall see a great improvement in the standing of the C.O.P. in the Honor Roll as a result.

We learn that Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, of Sault Ste. Marie, has been stricken down with typhoid fever, and has been seriously ill. She has been declared to say that Mrs. LeCocq is improving.

Staff-Capt. Cass, at the Temple, last week-end, had an extraordinary good day. Exceedingly large crowds of Exhibition visitors were present at the one-air and indoor meetings.

Harvest Festival has been well received in the city. Yorkville comrades have already begun to lay their hands on the amount of their target.

Adj. Burrows has been obliged to leave field work to a time owing to ill health, and will take a position part in the Central Ontario Provincial Office.

Adj. Perry, Traveling Financial Special for the Central Ontario Province, has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist Staff-Capt. Stanyan in the Training Home.

Captain Trickey is going to be a Traveling Financial Special for a few weeks at least.

There will be a general Staff change at the end of October, about the time of the General's visit.

The Commissioner will meet the new batch of Cadets on Saturday next, when there will be a reception tea. We think the Cadets highly honored to have with them their leader as such an early date, and the inspiration they will receive from her presence and words will help them all better to push ahead and make a good mark for themselves during the session.

It is under serious consideration to appoint a J. J. as Secretary for the Central Ontario Province.

A letter has been received by the Commissioner from a female officer applying for the Zulu work in South Africa.

There are three hundred and twenty Corps-Cadets on the roll. Not so bad for a beginning.

We met the smiling face of Adj. Coombs in the Trade Office, now in charge of Petrolia District. One could easily tell he had never visited matters on his mind, so we determined to see if we could not get a little news for the Cry. We rather first that he was at Headquarters to discuss the building of a new hotel over at Petrolia; that four hundred dollars had already been collected, and seven hundred dollars promised altogether; a lot secured on the front street where one stood the worst hotel ever known in Petrolia; that the building proposition had been taken up enthusiastically by the people, that souls are being saved, and God is richly blessing the work in the town.

Adj. Carr has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist at the Territorial Training Home.

In consequence of the pressure of work, Capt. Peacock is lending assistance with his shorthand in the Chief Secretary's office, and Lieut. McMillan is doing likewise in the Commissioner's Department.

We desire to draw attention to two slight alterations in the General's appointments which could not be avoided.



## Canadian Cuttings.

The Elder-Dempster Steamship Company has written the Canadian Minister of Marine, suggesting certain improvements in the St. Lawrence to protect navigation, and offering the services of two of their experienced officers.

Sir Wilfred Laurier has gone to Switzerland, and Mr. Fielding has left Paris for London.

Special rates of postage to Yukon and Alfin districts have been abolished, and the rate hereafter will be the same as for the rest of the Dominion.

The General Synod of the Church of England, rejected the proposal to change the church's name, but voted in favor of a revised edition of the prayer book.

Rev. Prof. Elliott's eight-year-old daughter was fatally burned at Montreal.

It is reported at Ottawa that Thanksgiving Day this year will be fixed for October 23rd.

At a representative meeting of Jamaican sugar planters a resolution was passed favoring federation with Canada.

Sir Edward Barton, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, and Sir John Forrest, the Commonwealth's Minister of Defence, were tendered a dinner at the Toronto Club, by the Toronto Board of Trade.

## U. S. Shipings.

President Roosevelt's carriage was struck by a trolley car, near Pittsfield, Mass. William Craig, one of the body guards, was killed, and the other occupants of the carriage bruised and shaken.

The State Department at Washington, without information regarding the visit of Sir Robert Borden, Newfoundland's Premier, who is reported in St. John's and Montreal despatches as having set out to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

The Philadelphia School Board has ordered cut from England to heat the public schools of the city during the coming winter.

Twenty-five American soldiers in the Philippines have died of cholera.

The United States Government magazine in Boston Harbor exploded, killing one soldier, and severely injuring others.

The mines of the Pocahontas Colliery Company, at Bramwell, W. Va., were fired by strikers.

Most of the strikers have resumed work at Florence, business is resuming its normal condition.

## British Briefs.

Headlyhead has entered a claim as a desirable terminus for the proposed fast Atlantic Canadian line.

Sir Christopher Furness is believed to be one of the moving spirits in the proposed British steel combination. It would cost £20,000,000 to buy up all the big British firms.

An explosion occurred at the Tredgore Iron Company's colliery, near Rhymney, Monmouthshire, while 112 men were underground. Sixteen are dead and seventeen are seriously injured.

pointments which could not be avoided. The first concerns Woodstock, Ont., which will be visited on the Monday instead of Friday, while the second affects the Toronto dates, which are put forward (see p. 16) from Tuesday to Friday. All other appointments stand as before. The change in the Toronto dates will be generally welcomed as an improvement on the former arrangements.

Hoollganlam is again increasing in several districts of South London. Outrages are committed in the chief thoroughfares by organized bands.

The British shipbuilding trade is said to be very much depressed.

Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen have given to the King's Hospital Fund an endowment which now brings in £15,000 yearly, and is expected to increase in the near future.

Welsh mining men advise the British Admiralty to store coal under water to retain its calorific quality.

The British Trade Congress rejects a resolution favoring compulsory arbitration by 951,000 to 393,000 votes.

The west coast of England has been swept by violent gales, which have done much damage.

## International Items.

Reconstruction is proceeding much quicker and more easily in the Orange River Colony than in the Transvaal. The difficulties of amalgamating the Dutch and English elements have been nearly overcome, and sympathy is apparently determined to settle down and obliterate, as far as possible, the recent bitterness.

General Cronje, who has lately returned from exile at St. Helena, said that during the war he had lost from wounds and disease twenty relatives. He believed the British and Dutch races would work amicably together for the development of the country.

Continuous rain in India is benefiting the crops.

In a vote on an educational question the Cape Ministry was defeated by 41 to 27.

It is estimated that 40 persons were drowned during Sunday's storm in Algoa Bay, S.A.

The Swazis are threatening trouble in South Africa.

A strong earthquake shock, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, was felt at Algeiras, W. Africa.

Owing to the dock laborers' strike at Barcelona, ships find it impossible to discharge their cargoes.

Mont Pelée has been in constant eruption since August 15th. It is impossible to approach the ruined town of St. Pierre from the sea. The people of the village of Le Carbet, on the coast, are terror-stricken and flying to the interior. Hot water is pouring down on Lorrain and Basse Pointe villages to the north-east of the crater.

About 1,000 persons were killed and several hundred injured as the result of a violent eruption of Mont Pelée on Saturday, August 30th, which destroyed Morné Rouge and Ajoupa Bouillon, two villages near Mont Pelée.

The revolutionary movement in favor of Mohammed, brother of the Sultan of Morocco, known as the *Al-Fatawa*, is spreading among the Berber tribes.

Earthquakes are reported from India and Southern France, and Vesuvius is active.

Lord Roberts, Generals French, Ian Hamilton, and Kelly-Kenny, Mr. Brodrick, British Secretary of War, and three United States Generals were guests of the Kaiser at the German army manoeuvres, in which 90,000 troops are engaged in a four days' sham battle.

The Haytian gunboat, Crete a Pierrot, was sunk for piracy in Gonvales harbor, after the crew had abandoned her by order of the German gunboat Panther.

Anarchists in Spain celebrated the anniversary of the assassination of President Macías.

There have been further and apparently valuable discoveries of coal beds at Rosario, in the Soudan.

While the foundations of the new barracks at Toulon, France, were being laid, the bones of more than 1,000 persons were discovered. They were in layers without trace of coffins.

A sharp fight took place in the Persian Gulf between a boat's crew of the British gunboat Lapping and a slave driver. A blue-jacket was killed and several were wounded.

Prof. Virachow, the eminent German pathologist, is dead.

The Chilean Government has received an offer to buy the battleship *Capitan Prat* for \$3,000,000, and the armored cruiser *Esmeralda* for \$2,500,000. These offers are supposed to be made for Japan.

Pietrarsque and quaint Posen welcomed the German Emperor with remarkable cordiality. The Rules, instead of looking on with sullen disdain, shouted themselves hoarse and enjoyed themselves as heartily as the Germans.

Russia is insisting upon sending four hundred torpedo boats through the Dardanelles, in spite of the Port's objection.

A Boxer proclamation has been posted at Canton, inciting the slaughter of foreigners.

## A MINUTE WITH BRIG. SHARP

Easterners All Alive for Harvest Festival—New Corps to Be Opened.

Brigadier Sharp put in an appearance at the Territorial Headquarters the other day, and the sight of his face and the sound of his voice were, as good as a tonic. To a great number of our comrades in the Territory it is not necessary to describe the Brigadier. Suffice it to say, then, to those few who have not yet had the pleasure of his acquaintance, that he is an all-round Salvationist, who carries with his very presence an inspiration that you are not likely soon to forget, and whom to know well is to love much. He is one of that happy kind of human beings who see less sorrows in the world than joys, seems untroubled of contentment wherever he may be placed, and is always enthusiastic in anything that pertains to the advancement of the Salvation war.

No wonder, then, we were glad to see him again, and have a strong grip of his friendly hand.

"Where does he go?" he goes the war in that all was well. The topic of the hour, of course, was Harvest Festival, and naturally we queried what were the prospects.

"Oh, all right," replied the Brigadier. "It will need a pull, but you may be sure we shall come out on top."

Of this we could not help but be certain, for when were those "blessedness" defeated? Many of them live too near the sea, where they off feel the soft salt breezes blowing over their ruddy countenances, to be any way weary and energetic, sufficiently so to overcome all obstacles. But Pry is quite aware it is not his opinion in this case you require. He will then hasten to say, in answer to a rather question as to the direction in which the war is being waged, that he was told that in the near future three or four new Corps were to be opened one as early as next week at Cape Hood, Cape Byron, where there was prospect of a good work being done for God.

The conversation, as you will have already gathered, was becoming decidedly interesting, when at that moment the door of the Chief Secretary's office opened and a stenographic voice called out, "The Colonel will see you now." A second later, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the Brigadier had vanished, and the conversation was abruptly terminated to what promised to be an exceedingly interesting interview.—Pry.



## FOR THE WORKERS IN OUR GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

HARVEST FESTIVAL  
READINGS.

"Not grudgingly, God loveth a cheerful giver." A Little SUNDAY. London crossing saw a companion "a bite." The companion took a very moderate one, upon which the generous donor said, "You know you're welcome; a bite bigger, Billy." If grown-up rich people were as generous as that will, the Salvation Army and the deserving poor would be welcomed to bigger bites.

"He that giveth to the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his face shall have many a curse."—Prov. 28. 14. It is told amongst old legends that when Gregory was only a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew a beggar presented himself at the gate and asked alms: being relieved, he came again and again. When Gregory became Pope it was his custom each day to entertain at his own table twelve poor men in remembrance of the twelve Apostles. One night, as he sat at supper with them, he saw to his surprise not twelve, but thirteen guests. After the meal he called forth the unbidden guest and asked him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, but my name is 'The Wonderful,' and through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained our Lord Himself. —O—

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee."—Deut. 16. 17. A gentleman called upon a rich friend for a donation.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "Do you mean the widow's mite?" "Certainly," was the answer. "I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much was your worth?" "Sixty thousand dollars." "Give me, then, your cheque for thirty thousand dollars; that will be half as much as she gave, for she, you know, gave her all." The rich man was horrified. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite.

"All the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree . . . of the herd or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."—Lev. 27. 30, 32. I remember a man who got saved. He had a wife and no family, and he was earning \$5 a day at his trade. "And," said he, "it used to cost me the lot for drink, gambling and tobacco." I noticed that he never visited with much for God's work, so I spoke to him about it. He said, "Oh, now I must save up, so as to have a little for a rainy day; and besides, I don't believe in my left hand knowing what my right hand giveth." A good job it did not, as it might be supposed to overpay him. He was asked to give something for a tea meeting (it used to be a pound of cheap tea, or some other small article). He saved nearly \$450 and went for a trip, and in two months the lot was gone—in drink, and he won't get up with six months in prison for vagrancy.

Nothing stunts the soul like nearness. The least that anyone should give is a tenth (a fifth) of what he receives, little or much. Of this he should keep a strict account, either weekly or monthly. Thus he will cultivate the habit of giving, and experience one of the sweetest joys of which the soul is capable.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Matt. 16. 26.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was traveling, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields. "I don't know what it is valued at, but I know what it cost its late possessor," said the gentleman. "How much?" "His soul."

Doubtless thousands and tens of thousands sell their souls for the pearly possessions of this world. Shall that be said of you concerning the things you have loved and sought after on earth, when you have passed into eternity?

"Give and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6. 38. "FRIIDAY. I knowed many a church to die 'cause it didn't gibe enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gibe too much. Dev don't die dat way." Therefore, have you ever knowed a church to die 'cause it gibe too much? If you do, jest let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb up by de soft light o' de moon to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lift up my hands to sechen and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where Jesus was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him."—Luke 10. 33.

## Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

## TROPHIES OF GRACE.

Would you see the little child that Jesus placed in the midst, and pointed out as the only state in which a soul could be fit for the Kingdom of God? Look at the Sergeant there, as he stands upon the platform, with battered head and maimed limbs, his sunken eye blazing with the fire that Heaven lights as he troils out with child-like simplicity the simple song, "Follow, follow I will follow Jesus." And men and women learned and unlettered, and men and women who as you look you feel the living embodiment of the warning, except ye become "as little children ye cannot see the Kingdom of God." A saved drunkard.

## A Redeemed Slave,

a rescued sinner, a King's son, a trophy numbered with those who, washed in His blood, sanctified by His grace.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, Shall shine in their beauty—Bright gems for His crown.

In looking through our files, we come across the following case from C—, N.B., and use his own words:

"About three years ago last June I had been drinking. I was on a long drunk. For the space of nine months I was not sober night nor day. At the end of that time I had a desire to reform, and during the last week I would make a resolution every day to go home sober that night, out I was drunk after each day of that week then before, and did not get home at all. The last day of that week I was working, and drinking hard all day. When night came I got my money and went home determined to get sober, if I died in the attempt. When I got home that night I laid down about midnight, but my breath was so much affected from the excessive use of liquor that nearly all my past life, with all its good and bad deeds, came up before me and deprived me of my sleep, and continued so for five days and nights. God only knows what I suffered during that time. No mortal

passion on him."—Luke 10. 33. One cold day in January a poor sailor was standing countless outside a lodging house near the pier at Gravesend. He had not only spent all his gold, but had parted with his coat. General Gordon saw him shivering with cold, and found that he was waiting for a ship to go to sea again. An eyewitness saw Gordon take off his own coat, place it on the sailor and walk back to the Fort House in his shirt sleeves. Another time, when the winter coats were being delivered at the Fort House, Gordon noticed that one of the men was very ill-clad and ragged. He rigged him out; and his kindness was not misplaced, for when the next day the sailor took place Gordon noticed that the boots and trousers he had given were both being used, and he made the remark, "I am pleased to see that you are wearing the clothes I gave you, and have not sold them." Some people seem to think that the fact of Gordon's bounties occasionally benefiting the ungrateful and the unfit is a reflection on his acuteness and his common-sense. So far from this being the case, it seems that Gordon deliberately incurred the danger of being deceived for the chance of helping in real distress. Once, when walking through the hospital wards one hot summer day, Gordon noticed a sick man tortured by flies alighting on his face, and seeing nothing he went out and bought a fan, which he gave to the nurse for the sick man, "that he may rain a little rest." That sick man still possesses the fan which Gordon gave him, and he prizes it dearly.

## Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

can tell, only the poor unfortunate who have gone through the mill, and afraid of everything I saw and heard.

## I Was Filled With Terror.

On the fifth day, just before morning, I was praying that the Almighty God would send me help at once, I did not want to see another night.

"About that time all that awful feeling left me, and I laid on my bed in a helpless condition. I could not speak nor move hand nor foot. I laid on my side for several minutes, when I heard singing long way off. It came closer and closer. I think it was the sweetest music I ever heard. I was not afraid of it. It came nearer and nearer until the room was filled with music, and looking up, I saw a band of soldiers, and women. They wore the same uniform the Salvation Army does now, the same caps with the red bands, the same bright badges and the same red jackets. They all stopped singing and sat down. Presently they started again, and everyone using some kind of a musical instrument. There were a great many tambourines, but there was no big drum. They then sat down again and sang a piece we now sing in the Army, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock.' I know I am. I would say here that previous to this I had never heard anything of the Salvation Army or its music. They all rose and marched two by two out of the door, singing that song as they went. I listened until the last of the band, singing, as the last strains of the music died away I found myself back to my helpless condition. I could not move nor speak.

Then saw, in all its fearful reality, Hell, placed before me. I could not describe by pen or words the awful, terrible appearance of that place of torment. But I will never forget the feeling of terror that came over me when I looked into that fearful flaming pit of fire. It was divided into two parts, one of coal and one of granite. The cast iron pit was the one in which the flames were. I found myself standing on the very brink of the flaming pit. I staggered and fell. But I fell outward and escaped. I said 'Thank God' the first

time in my life I ever remembered such words. I revived sufficiently to get up. All that day a song I heard was ringing in my mind, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock.' I went to bed, and I woke that song was still ringing in my ears, and until noon that day when it left me. The next day I went to work, and worked months without drinking any. The three or four next morning I returned home after the singing, and kept myself pretty sober, so that the people did not know I was drinking until Christmas day when I broke out again. When I found I had again become

## The Slave to Rum

I made up my mind with determination to die a drunkard. I never expected to be sober again.

"When the Salvation Army came to Carleton I used to tell my comrades I saw them when I was in the heaven long before they came here.

"When I was drunk—which was nearly all the time I was in that condition, I would run away from some wharf or into some run-down clear of them. I thought they were a band of devils.

"Last winter I went again to New York in a schooner, and coming back my comrades would say to me, 'We will go with you, and we will be there at the Salvation Army.' I would say, 'You may go, but I won't go near them.'

"One night I and two of my comrades were drinking together; I wanted me to go to the Salvation Army barracks, I would not go, they carried me up; I was very drunk. I was not there long till I got quite sober, and that night I fully believed that that was the same man I had seen when in the horrors. I believed there was the only place where I could get saved, and that I would be saved from that night. I went home from there with money in my pocket—something I had not done for years except the three months I was sober. From that night the appetite for rum was gone. I got up, and I went to the Salvation Army barracks, as I was thinking of the Army, expecting to go there and be saved. That night I went there, but could not go to the penitent form. For three weeks I went every night with the same intention, and I found with the same success. I could not get strength or courage enough to go. At last, thinking it impossible for me to go to the penitent form sober, I went and got rum enough to give me courage; I was partly drunk, and I went to the penitent form, but when I was there I was sober again and went home. A friend of mine, one of the soldiers, God bless him, knowing how I was struggling, followed me to the home. I went with him, and never stayed going until I found myself at the penitent form. I was not there long till I found a great loud lifted off me. God had done the work, all glory in His name. I rose to my feet, a new man, and from that night I have been free from the devil and all his works, and enjoying a free and full salvation. Glory be to God for the Salvation Army!"

## HUMILITY.

"Humility—the fairest and lowliest flower that grew in Paradise and in the garden of the world, rarely flourishes on mortal soil. It is so frail and delicate a thing that it is gone if it but looks upon itself, and they venture to believe it theirs pray that single thought they have it not."

The human eye is apt to mistake a nation for possession of the silver paper of money.



## THE LIFE OF COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA.

By Commander Booth Tucker.

(Continued.)

ARNOLIS accepted the new religion of his parents as a matter of course, and was sent for his education to a Christian college in Kandy, the capital of Ceylon. His father's idea was to give his eldest boy a first-class training, and then obtain for him either a Government position or start him in life as a merchant, lawyer or business man. He was not unwilling, however, that his son should become an ordained preacher of the Gospel in the church of which he is a member, believing that his talent and education would enable him to rise to the highest positions available for a native.

It seemed that his anticipations would be abundantly realized, for young Weerasooriya bore an excellent character in his college and was beloved by all, and showed that he possessed brilliant abilities. A copy of the life of Heaeml sent into his hands, and he read it. It became deeply convicted of sin. He realized that while professing Christianity, reading his Bible, saying his prayers and attending church, he had never really been converted. He was horrified at this revelation. He turned and spiritual advice to some of those around him but instead of seeking to deepen his convictions they sought to allay his alarm and make him contented with his condition. But he persisted that he was not really assured, and began to doubt whether some of his spiritual advisers had ever experienced a real change of heart. By day and night he ceaselessly cried out to God for salvation.

Suddenly the light from Heaven flashed in upon his soul. He was attending a public service in the church. His soul was in an agony of conviction. Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice, saying, "I will be thy Father, and I will be thy God, and thou shalt be my people." A flood of holy joy swept over his soul. He looked proudly around, his face beaming with joy, and felt like saying, "Don't you know, I am the child of a King!"

The meeting was joyfully over when he rushed to his pastor, and to various other friends in the college, and told them the joyful news that his sins were forgiven, he was a child of God. Some were glad, some were incredulous. Some said, "You are feeling would soon wear away. But nothing would quench his enthusiasm.

He commenced holding meetings in his own room—singing, speaking, praying—unaided. He dared not ask any aid lest the Spirit should be grieved! Some of the boys gathered round his door to witness the strange spectacle. Suddenly they were in turn overwhelmed with conviction, and cried to God for mercy. The news spread through the college. The room was soon crowded out—more space was required. The leaders of the college became interested in the wonderful movement. But their fear of excitement was not so great as their love of truth. When the college soon made young Weerasooriya feel that he could get no better without their aid.

Just at this critical moment the news reached the college that a representative of the Salvation Army was about to visit Kandy. Weerasooriya was one of the first to welcome him. The papers and had come with accounts of the new movement. The landing of the first of Salvationists in Ceylon, their arrest, prosecution and imprisonment, had stirred the entire European and native community throughout India and Ceylon from its centre to its periphery. Hence, when the sole representative of the Army, Captain Gladwin, reached Kandy an immense crowd gathered to welcome him and to hear from him the story of the Army's work. Not only did the crowd salivate with simplicity and force, that had seldom been known in Kandy, but he explained the Army teachings regarding holiness and the blessing of a clean heart. This was like a new gospel to the people of Weerasooriya. To believe was to accept. He claimed at once the blessing of sanctification, and never was it more

beautifully and persistently demonstrated than by his spotless and devoted life.

When first he was converted, so powerful and overwhelming was the love for his Saviour that swept over his strong nature that he wrote the word JESUS in large letters on separate sheets of paper, and pressed each letter of the word passionately to his lips. From that moment a holy sort of jealousy seemed to take hold of his heart that none on earth should love his Saviour better than himself. He would look round eagerly to see whether he could find among his acquaintances or fellow-townsmen any who loved Jesus better than himself, and would then set to work with earnest rivalry to outdo and prove his greater love. Then he would seize the books which told of the lives of the greatest earthly saints, and would seek to surpass their achievement.

On such an ardent nature we can well imagine what was the effect produced by the sight of a white man dressed in the Hindoo costume, dis-

carding his own national habits in order that he might win souls to Jesus.

Up to this moment he had felt well able to keep abreast of the foremost professing Christians in Ceylon, and prove to the satisfaction of his heart that he loved the God even better than the best. But here was a new light, a new example, which tested his sincerity to the utmost. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury, had been taught to admire European civilization and to regard it as part and parcel of his Christianity. He had discarded his native dress and customs, and had become as strangely prejudiced in favor of his new habits as though he had been brought up in them from infancy.

Moreover, the adoption of a European style undoubtedly gave him with the ruling classes a prestige which as an ordinary native he would not possess, and was likely to be helpful to him in his future career.

But here was a man who evidently loved Christ better than himself. He could no longer claim for himself the first place in the estimation of his Saviour! The very thought was tormenting. He could not bear it. His choice was made. He must himself be a Salvationist, he must discard his European garb, he must become the native uniform, he must become an officer.

(To be continued.)

## Letters from the General

\*\*\* To the Soldiers of the Salvation Army.

### ABOUT BEING SAVED.

Letter No. 7.—CONVERSION.

My Dear Comrades,—

You will remember that the purpose of the letters I have lately been writing is to show you what we Salvationists mean when we talk about being saved.

I have dealt with the blessing of "Forgiveness," and I now want to have a talk with you about "Conversion," which is, in my estimation, an equally important theme. Indeed, I am not sure but that a subject it is not even more important to us as a people in particular, and to the world in general, than forgiveness, because it seems of late to have dropped so very much out of notice in the bulk of the "Burches." I fear that you will very seldom hear the topic mentioned outside our borders.

Many preachers and writers have much to say about the love of God, the power of Christ, and the desirability of being good, and just, and true; but very few dwell particularly or frequently on the subject of that "New Heart" which is created by the Holy Spirit, and of which the Saviour spoke so plainly. And yet without its possession anything like true spiritual joy and holy living are simply impossible. And alas! even where conversion is commonly spoken of, opinions, professing to be orthodox, are so full of error, and so full of error, that the notions respecting it are often very mistaken and in some cases positively false and misleading.

This applies, I am afraid, to some Salvationists, and to most of them, and I understand better what it is to be converted is one of the objects of this letter.

Now you will know that to be converted is to be changed, and it is to be changed from what you were before. If a man goes to the mercy seat, or kneels down in his own chamber and repents of his sins, and exercises saving faith in Christ, he will be converted. What does that mean? What has happened to the man who has been converted? Let me try and show you this.

And first, let me say that conversion does not consist in a change of opinions, or professions, or actions, and that often to a very remarkable extent, follows conversion, if it does not actually accompany it, but it does not constitute conversion. Many unconverted people lead a good life, and that the converted people do. There can be any amount of knowledge about what is right and what is wrong; about God, and Jesus Christ,

and duty, and indeed about almost every other religious subject, without conversion.

In the seventh chapter of Romans we have a description of a man who has been full of knowledge, but whose heart has not been changed. That is, a man who, though concerned about religion, has not been converted. He sees the sort of life he ought to live, he desires it, condemns himself because he does not realize it, but he has not power to act up to his conviction of duty. He has the light, but he has not the ability required to walk in it. He cries out, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would I do." He knows his Master's will, but does it not. What is he to do? Is he merely to get to know that will more perfectly? No, his first duty is to seek the power to do it. He will get that in conversion.

Neither does a change of doctrine or belief always mean conversion. For instance, a man may change over from being a Roman Catholic to being a Protestant, or from being an atheist to being a Christian, and if it is only a change of belief to which he attains, he will be very little, if any, nearer to the heart of Jesus Christ and the life of the Spirit than he was before. He may be strengthened by holding the truth in unrighteousness.

Conversion does not consist merely in a change of bodily habits. When those habits have been evil, conversion will ensure such a change, and that in a very remarkable degree. It is quite common amongst us, as you all know, for men who have been the slaves of drink and opium, and of many other evil inclinations, to cease the use of these things at the moment of their conversion, but still a man can even overcome those slavish things and yet stop short of being converted.

Conversion is not repentance. Repentance is a condition or conversion, but it is possible to repent without going on to a realization of the marvellous change which we are speaking of.

And I am very sorry about his past sins, and go to the penitent form and weep and pray, and he forgiven, and yet never be converted.

There is little doubt about that being the actual history of multitudes of the people who profess to be converted, who are off and on with religion all their life. God is always waking them up by deathly, by sicknesses or losses, by stirrings of His Spirit, and ap-

peals from the platform. On these occasions they weep, and pray, and promise, and then directly afterwards go back to the same state that they were in before. They are penitent, sincerely penitent for the time, but they stop short of getting converted, and so, being just as weak as they were before, they naturally lapse into their former condition.

Conversion is not forgiveness. Forgiveness of sin always goes with it, indeed, when you think about conversion you think about forgiveness at the same time. They are twin blessings, and walk into a man's soul at the same moment, forgiveness leading the way. But although so nearly related and always found together, they differ materially.

If you could have one without the other you would find a great difference. You can easily imagine that a man might have all his past sins pardoned, but that he was still a weak man; but if that were all, the nice feelings had passed and the old temptations came, he being the same man would fall into the same sins, and soon pile up a new record almost as long as the first was washed away. He wants to be made a different man in order to lead a different life. That is, he needs conversion.

Forgiveness is something that God does outside of a man. Conversion is something that he does inside of him. In forgiveness He bids out the record of his transgressions, saves him from the condemnation of sin, writes his name in the book of life, and makes him a citizen of the New Jerusalem. In conversion He changes his nature, makes him hate the evil things that before he loved, and love the good things that before he hated. In conversion and forgiveness together, they are never parted—but they are not the same.

Conversion is the doctrine of the Bible. All the teaching of Jesus Christ and His Apostles proceeds on the assumption that every Christian has undergone a change of heart. Jesus Christ taught this truth explicitly when He said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." And again, when He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The sum of this teaching is—First, that to become a child of God, a man must experience an inward change of heart, and this change is comparable to being born afresh. Secondly, this change can only be effected by the power of the Holy Spirit, and thirdly, that without it no man can possess the life or experience, or the blessings, or have the power enjoyed by the members of the Kingdom of Heaven in this world or in the world to come. Conversion is a wonderful experience, and it is an absolute necessity.

To be converted, then, is to have a change of heart. And with a changed heart there will be a changed life. The heart controls and determines the character of the life. Selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish hearts make it impossible for those who possess them to live other than selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish lives. Just so, pure, and humble, and benevolent, in their hearts, and so, pure, humble, benevolent and Christ-like lives.

### MEMBERS IN PARTICULAR.

"Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." There are two great truths that Christians need to learn: 1st, the Body is one; 2nd, each Christian is a "member in particular," having his special office. None can say to another, "I have no need of thee." We are all to expect all to perform the same part of the work, but God hath set the members in the Body as it hath pleased Him. Their usefulness depends on keeping in their place.—Fire Brand.

The delights of heaven may be fashioned out of the disappointments of earth.







# The Song of the City.

By EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

"I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. xi, 2, 3.



**N**O ONE would dispute or wish to question the all-prevailing influence and far-reaching power of music.

God Himself so loved it, and so realized its capacity to magnify joy or intensify sorrow that when He made three worlds He filled two with its songs, its strains, its trills, and its ripples, and the other with its dirges, its minors, and its eternal vibrations of its discordant sounds. When my fighting days are done, and from this field of service I am called to the world beyond, I shall listen with no little eagerness to hear how even heaven's music can outlive the enchanting beauties of earth's.

So strong is the passion for music within me that no robin can sing its evening lay, or bee hum of its gatherings through flowery beds, or squirrel chatter compete with the sharp tone of the woodpecker, but that my whole being is thrilled with gratitude to God for the ten thousand musical boxes swung upon tree branches, and lodged on the hillsides. Music everywhere—do we not move and sleep in one vast orchestra? In the silence of the night, as our Bible reminds us, "the stars of heaven sing together," and with the breaking of the morning, ten thousand harmonies vibrate 'neath the touch of gentle breezes, giving the key-note to awakening musicians a-nestle in the foliage. All music, music! Forests harp it on a thousand strings—the waters sound in amongst the crags—the thunders drum it across the hills—the oceans peel it forth, while hurricanes supply the wind for their great organs.

Ah, the music of our natural world is surpassing sweet, grand, and glorious, and the humblest and poorest have a place in the palace of its great orchestra without anything to pay!

In the battle of Gettysburg, when shot and shell had shivered the hills around, and made heavy conceptions through the air, there was almost an unaccountable lull in the storm of fiery hail, and for a moment silence prevailed, when lighted upon a small branch extending over the fighting line, a bird warbled what seemed to the men engaged in the war its sweetest song, and the historian tells us tears started from many eyes. So in the bivouac of our daily conflict with sorrow and sin, there have been the notes of some song—perhaps the song of the falling autumn leaves, telling of the grave—perhaps the song of a new spring dawn telling of resurrection—perhaps a mother's song—perhaps a dying song—perhaps a heavenly song which escaped through the gates as a saint passed in—all calling us to peace.

## THERE ARE THE SONGS OF THE WORLD.

**A**LL ages have bowed, wept, and smiled 'neath the torments of composition which have poured forth from the impassioned soul of musical talent, compositions that have swept through lands, crossed waters, echoed in domes, vibrated in towers, and tapped beehives, stirring and swaying millions.

I say all music is grand and beautiful. It all finds its origin in the instrument of love in God's own bosom, and if not perverted by evil use, would lead up to righteousness and heaven.

But the one complaint we have to make of all this music of the world is, it dies out. It has not that germ within it which makes it to remain with us a live power. Too often when its cheering and lifting element is needed most, we find it gone, both beyond our reach and calling, and even sometimes are we left the sadder for its memory.

The dance music, to which the feet, in excited whirl, have stopped till early morn, the ring of the concert which for a passing hour has held the spirit enchained and enchanted, and the merry song of the opera, which may fascinate for a night, is all too soon drowned in the rattle of life's stern battle-wheel.

The musical talent of France was represented in that mighty concourse which gathered at Paris to do honor to the pride of their country, Rossini, who contributed to the musical world that treasured composition entitled, "William Tell." The musicians, inspired by the object of the occasion, played the famous selection as perhaps never before or since, and in the hour of triumph, when skill would have crowned skill, all looked for the flash of pride upon the cheek of the great composer; but Rossini wept, and throwing out his hands towards his friends, said: "Ah, all this would I give for a few days of the past, and peace!"

But not so with Redemption's Song! The song of which I write—the song of which my verse speaks, "The Song of the City"—The New Song—the Bible tells us no man can learn it but the redeemed. At the great tribunal it will be too late. There will be no catching the key-note, no getting into the swing, no finding our place in the harmony, no keeping the time, no learning it, no singing it, no crowning by it, but for the redeemed!

I see, therefore, this song is Redemption's Song—the song of Righteousness, Truth, Love, and Praise, and as all music is derived from seven notes, so all

the harmonies found in Christianity can be taken from the seven letters of that word with which the saint shall overcome the world.

I see that it is from that Redemption's Song that we get the key-note for all our Christian slaking the world round. This song gives the right pitch for the penitent's hymn, lifting millions from darkness to light; for the sufferer's ward, cooling the burning pillow; for the hermit's hut, putting a light in the window that shines from a lubricant that will never burn out; that gives the dying the note for the resurrection anthem when they step the valley.

I have heard of people starting to write the history of religious songs. I think it is a very beautiful idea, but how can they do it? All the triumphs of the church are in them, all the sobs of the penitents, all the patience of the cross-bearers, all the love of the saints, all the persecution suffered, tears dropped, hardships borne, battles won: all the peace, and joy, and clapping of hands. Who could write the history of Christian songs? Let me just mention one: "Rock of Ages." Could any pen tell its full story and bring in a final chapter? What traveler has graced as many homesteads, learned as many languages, tapped as many hearts, and been more welcome in King's palace or hermit's hut than "Rock of Ages"?

Let all the libraries of the world throw open their doors and march into the long procession of literature of all ages—the late books, and the old books, with their brown edges, Roman type, and brass hinges; those that lived the longest are near the front, but I see marching ahead is "Rock of Ages."

Well, but you say, look at all these books! look at the pyramid they lift.

Books on theology, books on analogy, books on anatomy, books on science, books on art, books on astronomy; look at all these novels, some with fifteen and twenty editions, some written in so many different languages and dialects! Look at the height to which this huge pile lifts its head.

Still, I climb up a ladder, not of fancy, or even faith, but fact, and place on the pinnacle "Rock of Ages." Do you know why? History tells us that only two books have traveled as far as this one song—one the Bible, the other "Pilgrim's Progress."

*Rock of Ages, lift for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make us pure.*



The song for the young, and the song for the aged, for the pauper and for the palace.

When Prince Consort was dying he asked that this song should be repeated to him again and again, saying, "If I had only my worldly honors and dignities to depend upon in this hour I should indeed be poor."

The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered a little time back in Constantinople crowded together in a church previous to the massacre, and through the dark midnight hours sang it.

When the "London" went down, the last voice heard as the doomed vessel sank beneath the waves was singing "Let me hide myself in Thee."

In one of the South African engagements an ambulance officer just reached a dying soldier in time to hear him say, as the blood gushed from temple and mouth, "Save from wrath and make me pure."

A very well-dressed gentleman asked a small boy, whose feet, and arms, and neck were bare, what place of paper was that he was so carefully folding upon the kerbway. The ragged lad, holding up the soiled pamphlet which held the words of this immortal song, to the enquirer said, "Give it back, sir; mother wants it to die on."

Oh song upon the great truth of which tens of thousands have lived, and tens of thousands have died! No angel's pen could write thy full story which has for thy origin Redemption's Song.

## PENITENCE THE KEY-NOTE.

**LEARN** that the key-note to this new song is the plea of the penitent. No cry arresting quicker the ear of God than that of the penitent. 'Midst the discord and din of Calvary, the stone-pelt and blood-drop, Christ heard the dying thief ask for pardon.

Since that hour, from the darkness of a felon's cell—from the streets of want and woe—from earth's most wretched, most destitute, most forsaken places, where hearts have ached the most, and souls have lost the most of virtue, of innocence, of hope, men and devils, and angels have proved He has heard the penitent's plea.

(Continued on page 12).





# Gleanings from Our Great Harvest Field.

## A Lively Open-Air.

Barre—Montpelier is the capital of the State, and only a few miles from Barre. We go down to this place on Friday nights to hold open-air on the market square, but this Friday night seemed to be a very special one. Rev. Sam Small never expected to see the Salvation Army, and the patent medicine doctor never dreamed of the Salvation Army being there, but nevertheless it was a fact—we were all there. You could hear Captain Bliss, with guitar accompaniment, sing "We don't want to die in the storm," and we did not die in the storm. The comrades all felt like fighting, and we stood in our guns and poured out the gospel truth. Secretary Hall had a few testimonies. Sergt. Perkins pleaded with the people to turn to God, and Treasurer Munro told how God had saved him from a life of sin. It was a remarkable service, and the offering; we put down the drum & asked the people to give us a good collection, when two gentlemen volunteered to act as our collectors. These gentlemen were citizens of the town and did this without pleasure, bringing us \$2.50. God bless them. We closed our meeting with our poor fellow asking us to pray for him.—One who was there.

## Two Soldiers Enrolled.

Bismarck—We have just had a visit from Ensign Mercer. The Ensign brought his gramophone, which proved to be one of the best ever heard here. All were well pleased. The open-air meetings were good; we had large crowds and good collections. Captain Forsberg has been with us for a month, and we all like him very much. God bless him. Two soldiers have been enrolled since last report, and are doing nicely.—Theford.

## A Long Distance.

Castalia—God has been blessing us and crowning our efforts with success. Sinners are coming home every week. We had a glorious time on Friday night, when four souls knelt at the feet of Jesus. We have the S.S. Ethie's crowd with us every Friday night. Our people are interested in the meetings, and after curing fish and making hay all day, some of them come a long distance to get their souls blessed. We are in for greater victories, by the grace of God.—Stiney Sainsbury. Captain.

## Five Seek Christ.

Collingwood—I have just arrived after a two-week's furlough. Found the captain and soldiers in good spirits, and having glorious times. We were welcomed to the camp by Brother Stanton, from England, who is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist. On Sunday we had with us Dr. Butler and Sister Miller from Bracebridge. It was a beautiful day. God came near and blessed His people, and we had the joy of seeing five sinners seeking Christ. Praise God!—Lieut. Porter.

## At Silver Island.

Fort William—On Sunday evening we had a good meeting; one soul gave his heart to God, and one more came on Tuesday. Praise God! We are triumphing in the greatest victory. On the 21st Ensign and Mrs. Steiger led the meeting, after which we had a "Pie Social." On the 27th the Fort Arthur and Fort William Corps united and had a neighborly excursion to Silver Island, where the Steamer George, owned by Captain Maloney, of the Fort Arthur corps. The weather was beautiful, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. We thank God for the victories which He gives to us, and we mean to be faithful in return.—Hick.

## Twenty-seven Souls.

Gambro—We have had a visit from Mrs. Brigadier Smeeton and her little son, Herbert. They spent a week with us, and I assure you we enjoyed their visit very much. Mrs. Smeeton led the meetings on Sunday; two souls sought Christ, and the Steamer George came for pardon at night, a total of twenty-seven since last report. Her-

bert Smeeton sang in two of the meetings, and the people were delighted with him. He is only three and a half years old. We all invite Mrs. Smeeton this way again. Our motto is still "Onward!"—D. Boston, Captain.

## An Eventful Week.

Halifax I.—The past week has been a blessed one to our souls. We had a good day on Sunday, with six souls at the cross. The finances were also very good. The Adjutant has not been here very long, but is doing well. The united soldiers' meeting, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, was a time of much blessing and inspiration. Fourteen reconsecrated themselves to God and His work. Last, but by no means least, was the great hallelujah wedding held in No. 1 barracks, on Thursday night. The contracting parties were Brother John Bootie and Sister Susie McDonald, of this corps. They were assisted by Cadet New and sister Mary Kirby. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Brigadier, who has gained quite a reputation in this city in the performance of marriages. Of course the bride and bridegroom were happy. May the Lord abundantly bless Mr. and Mrs. Bootie temporally and spiritually, and

ily upon the hearts of the people, and one soul cried for mercy. Others were weeping, but would not yield. We are in for victory.—J. W. J. E.

## The Musical Family.

Lagar Street—On Saturday and Sunday the Ibbotson Family were with us. We had grand times, good collections, large crowds, and best of all, five souls—two young men and three little girls. Praise God for ever. We are pressing forward at Lagar Street. The soldiers' meetings are full of power, and there is a good spirit in all the meetings, for which we thank God.—Mrs. Stickle.

## An Army in Himself.

Helena—Here we are at the beautiful city of Helena, the capital of Montana State. Sin abounds openly in this place, and it is a most heart-rending sight to see the (dances) abaze, and young girls dancing their way to hell. We are trying to help them. Since coming here we have seen three souls at the cross. Our sister is going to be enrolled next Sunday, to fight for God! Heavens! yellow, red and blue. On Sunday we dispensed with our afternoon meeting to hold a burial service. As we stood

asist in furnishing the quarters more comfortably.—M. E.

## Off to the Klondike.

Missoula—Officers' and comrades prayers are being answered, and souls are being saved. On Monday night one precious soul deserted the ranks of sin, and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. On Tuesday night we had with us Adjutant Ayre, our Dr. We gave him a hearty reception, and are always glad to have him in our midst. On Thursday night we had an ice cream social. The hall was well filled, and all enjoyed it. The net proceeds of the evening were twenty-five dollars. On Friday night Captain Quast, who has been in charge for a short time, said farewell for the Klondike. We were all sorry to lose her. Captain Quast is to charge some. It is very hard for her, as we have but few soldiers, and we are praying and believing that an assistant will be sent in the near future.—J. H. R. C.

## Two Prisoners Captured.

Montreal I.—The past week has been one of blessing and victory. Although our officers are away on furlough, we do not feel like settling down and taking it easy. On Sunday our open-air were largely attended, and at night a good crowd listened with rapt attention to Mrs. Major Taylor's address on Rev. 22. 12. On Monday night we were led on by our venerable Sergeant M. Ellis, assisted by his brave soldiers. We held the fort against the advancing enemy, and after a hot and heavy engagement returned to camp with two prisoners captured for our King. May our hands ever be strong for the good work of the Kingdom.—A. One.

## Thirteen Souls—Grand Musicals.

Neopawa—God is truly blessing us here. On Sunday night we had a full house. God came in power and one soul sought salvation. Thirty were present at the soldiers' meeting, and the real old-time religion was felt. On Thursday night a grand musical was highly appreciated by a full house. Since our new officers came thirteen souls have been saved. We give God the glory.—One who is interested.

## "The Desert Shall Rejoice."

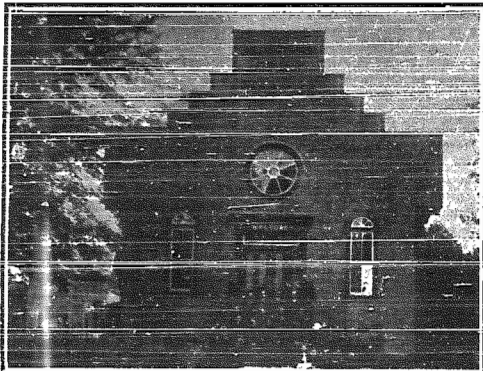
North Bay—We are proving day by day that God can move the hardest heart of sinners, and give them faith and prayer, and holding us to God by the faithful few, the revival has broken out and souls are being saved and kept by the power of God. God saved one on Saturday night, and after a hard day's fight yesterday He saved three more. Our efforts by our setting free our precious souls. Our open-air are times of power. Surely God is verifying His promise in this place, where He says, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The showers are coming later.—J. P. for Capt. Meader.

## A Load of Specials.

Port Hope—We had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Moore, also Capt. and Mrs. Fudge and a load of Cobourg braves, and Capt. Liddell from Millbrook. The people gave us a very good collection, and we had a good time. We are believing for greater victories.—Eas. Boy.

## Old Comrades Welcome Home.

Senearth—We have had the privilege of seeing some of our old comrades this summer, who have been working for years in the front of the battle. One of these was Ensign John Haskirk of Montreal, whom we were pleased to have with us for Sunday's service. He assisted us nobly with his singing and harp, also at our Juniors' demonstration on Wednesday night, which turned out very successful. If you ever have the privilege of meeting the Ensign just ask him to give you the song about getting away down in the fourth turn to have a drink.—C. A.



S.A. Barracks, Wallaceburg, Ont.

may they in the future follow the Lord more acceptably than ever.—Tress, Casbin.

## The Adjutant Farewells.

Hamilton, Ber.—Brother Spoorling said farewell to us a week ago for the Training Home. He was a faithful soldier in this corps, and we pray that God will keep him true to the vows he has made. Adjutant Graham has also said farewell to us, after sixteen months' labor here. We have all learnt to love her. Her true, devoted, straightforward life, and her talents have been of great blessing. The comrades spoke in the night meeting of the blessing the Adjutant has been to them personally. We regret her farewell, but we know that in some other part of the field she will be made stronger to lead others on to victory. God bless her. Sister Lightbourne also said good-bye for the Training Home. She has been a true soldier of this corps, and we pray that God will keep her going on until the perfect day.—A. soldier.

## Times of Refreshing.

Harbor Grace—God is helping us in this part of the battle field. Sunday was a blessed time to our souls. Twelve of the comrades met in the morning at seven o'clock to ask God's blessing on the meetings of the day. He came and filled us with His Spirit. The afternoon's open-air and inside meetings were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, but the night meeting was the crowning time. The Holy Ghost worked might-

around the coffin, the Adjutant seized the opportunity of warning and pleading with the living to forsake their lives of sin and shame. It was a sad meeting. Oh, for consecrated men and women who will do and dare to help less humanity. Adjutant Ayre, our worthy D. O., has paid us a visit. He is an army in himself, and the people thought him a man of God. He said when they heard his voice three blocks away, God bless him. We are here to fight and win in spite of the devil.—Lieut. Lewis.

## The Helping Hand Leu.

Ingersoll—One of the season's happiest events took place in the Ingersoll Army barracks on Monday night. An old-time jubilee and ice cream social was held under the auspices of our lately organized and flourishing league, known as "The League of the Helping Hand." A pleasantly warm evening and a large crowd united to bless the special go, which had been well prepared for by the officers and others to observe. Our loyal friend and helper, Postmaster Gilman, was one of the "specials," and delighted everybody with one of his characteristic, faultless addresses. The officers, and others from Woodstock, also added interest to the gathering. Brother Scott's appeal for a collection was heartily responded to, making up the proceeds of the social to twenty-six dollars. The officers, Ensign and Mrs. Roddnot, are made joyous, not alone at the financial success of the effort, but also by the sympathy and interest of one and all. The proceeds go to



## THROUGH THE BUTTE DISTRICT.

I left the home ranch, Great Falls, on Monday, August 18th, at three p.m. on the Great Northern Flyer, for

## The State Capital,

Helena, which was my first appointment in the Pacific Province some six years ago. I was met at the depot by Adjutant Yerres, who was an officer of mine seventeen years ago, and is now in charge of Helena. This place has seen better days, both commercially and spiritually. At the present time, our warfare is very hard. Still, the officers are in good spirits and doing their best for God and the advancement of His Kingdom. One great difficulty with our work in the West at this time of the year is that most of our people go away in the country, and the officers have to stand almost alone. We had a good, stirring open-air and a fairly good meeting inside, but no one yielded to the claims of Jesus Christ. God for some reliable who stood by the flag. In the morning I left for

## The Garden City,

Missoula. Capt. Quatt was at the depot to meet me. Capt. Galn was preparing dinner about 2.15 p.m. We also met Capt. Wilcox, who has just returned from Dawson City. After dinner and a little chat regarding the S.A. war both in this city and in the States, we attended to our official duties. I shall not forget my last visit to Missoula some three years ago. My old friend Adj. Hay was there resting, and in the afternoon he kindly piloted me to the top of Jumbo. Now, to those who do not know what Jumbo is, I would say it is a high mountain bearing the shape of an elephant. For the next few days I can assure you the muscles of my limbs were very sore out of order. I also met an old pupil of mine, Capt. Kenney. I am believing he will soon be at the battle front again. We had a good rousing open-air here, and quite a crowd gathered around. We had a fair crowd inside, and managed to keep the people wide awake. The D.O. had a new name given him, the "Volcano." A good spirit permeated the meeting. Conviction was manifest, but none would surrender. I had to leave at ten-thirty p.m. for my next appointment—Butte. Who has not heard of this?

## Great Mining Camp,

the wonder of the West? This is also an old battleground of mine; in fact, twice I have been on deck there. I arrived about four a.m., and an old convert of mine when stationed here called me at the door. This was not the first kind act of Donald towards us. He had met us before on our second appointment to Butte, arriving at the one-thirty a.m. On arriving at the quarters, Cadet Knudson was waiting and had a little refreshment ready for us. Capt. Hurst was away with her Treasurer, a noble woman, collecting for H.F. Sister Mrs. Randle was the Cadet's companion. After a few hours' rest we commenced our duties. My old reliable Sergt.-Major called to see me, as he was on night shift and would not be able to get to the meeting. God bless Sergt.-Major Pearce! Our forces in the open-air were small on account of many working. However, a good crowd gathered around us. The D.O., I suppose by his out-of-the-rust style, standing on a chair with cap and coat off, attracted a few of the more indigent ones to come and see what was up. A good crowd assembled inside (to my mind the best we have had for some time in Butte). Mother Thomas still keeps well to the front in largeness. After a hard-fought battle we could not count on any surrenders. We had several hours at our disposal before leaving for our next appointment in Dillon. I saw many improvements in Butte, but still she is as rampant as ever. I left at four-fifty p.m. for

## Dillon,

arriving in time for the open-air. Capt. Stevans and Cadet Richard have a hard fight here in every way. God

## ARE YOU GOING TO SEE AND HEAR

## THE GENERAL?

PAGE 15 WILL TELL YOU PLACES AND DATES.

bles them! We had a large crowd in the open-air, and the stenographic voice of the visitor brought the banders and barbers to their doors. We marched away to our little hall, but none followed. The barracks is too much out of the way for the crowd to come, but I understand it is the best we can get at the present time. We did our best to cheer everyone up in the hard struggle for victory. We should have left at midnight, but the train was two and one-half hours late, arriving in Butte about five a.m. After a little rest and some refreshments we leave the smoky city for

## The Smelter City,

Great Falls, arriving about four p.m. My dear wife was at the depot, anxiously waiting for me, as she had been holding the fort almost single-handed. Nearly all of our comrades are away in the country. We were alone for our meeting this night, but we had a good time, one soul and three dollars offering.—Mark Ayre.

## G. B. M. Notes.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WM. WHITE.

I am still on the warpath, and have visited several places since last report. At Seaford Capt. and Mrs. Rock hold the fort. They are getting on fairly well. The lantern service, "Alone in Liverpool," was enjoyed by those present, but the crowd was small. The local agents take an interest in their work, and the box returns were very good.

Mitchell came next. Mrs. Timms very kindly arranged for the meeting here, and also looked well after my temporal needs. May God bless our comrade in this place.

Clinton is an old battleground of mine. I was glad to meet old comrades, shake their hands and bid them once again God-speed in the war. The lantern service was very well attended, and a good income was realized. Capt. Hogan was without a Lieutenant, but God is blessing him and will stand by him. Mrs. Clark is the local agent, and Mother Agnew looked after my temporal needs.

At Goderich I found Captain and Mrs. Coy, who have just taken command of the Corps. They already have a good hold upon the people, and some souls have been saved. The lantern service was a very good one. Mother Smith, the local agent, has still an interest in her work, and with her assistant, is pushing the G.B.M. boxes.

Wingham was next visited. Capt. and Mrs. Bishop had just gone to their home through sickness. May they soon be restored to the fight! Lieut. Richardson has arrived to take up the work in this place. May God bless him and give him a great victory!

The attendance at the service was small, but we will likely do better next time.

At Listowel I spent the week-end with Capt. Bonney and his comrades, and we had a very good time. Father Tremain, an old veteran in the war, is the local agent, and takes a great interest in his work. His return for the quarter were very good. I was visited at Sergt.-Major Carters, who looked well after my needs. May God bless all the Listowel braves!

Capt. and Mrs. Dowell are in charge of Palmerston. The meeting and the results were very good. Push on, comrades, in the battle.

At Drayton we had a good time, and the lantern service was enjoyed.

I found Adj. and Mrs. Cameron of Guelph very kind and considerate. The lantern service was very well attended, and I think was enjoyed by all present. In the absence of the local agent, the Cadet very kindly consented to collect in the evening.

At Berlin Lieut. Murray leads the way. We had a very nice time, taking everything into consideration. Sergt. Major Oberer is the local agent and is doing very well.

I spent Saturday and Sunday at Galt with Capt. and Mrs. Burton, and a real good and pleasant time we had. The lantern meeting on Saturday night was fairly well attended. On Sunday the meetings were good right from the kneecr-dills to the close of the day.

The writer is keeping happy and nicely saved.

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

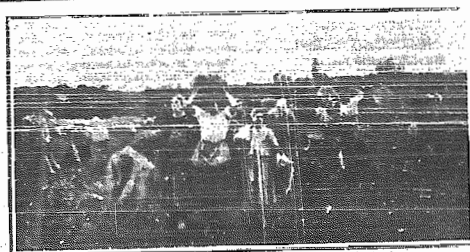
By CAPT. J. POOLE.

## Millbrook.

Mrs. Russell has made a good improvement on our previous quarter by an increase of \$1.53. A very good service was held at Sandy Hook, the outpost. All enjoyed the week-end meetings.

## Port Hope.

Seeing the G.B.M. Agent was not on duty here, Capt. Brimmon very kindly got in all returns from the boxes. There was a total of \$3.32.



Recall of the Gleaners.

This is a slight improvement. Mr. Cumberland was the leading box holder, her box containing \$1.42. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

## Cobourg.

We cannot help but admire the brave work that is being done here by Miss A. Hornback, one of our new Agents. Her returns are promptly to hand, with an increase of \$1.01. This Agent has an eye to business. May God continue to bless her!

## Trenton.

An eminent G.B.M. Agent is Mrs. Quackenbush. We highly appreciate the continued toil and interest of this energetic Local Agent. Trenton in the past year, under the supervision of Mrs. Quackenbush, has made some good improvements. The returns baskets are being filled with 75 cents, one dollar, etc., to \$6.89. God bless such heroism! The box at the C.O.R. depot had the best collection, \$1.28. Mr. J. Sharie, druggist, came second with \$1.20.

## Campbellford.

"The Lord is still with us." A man once prayed, "O Lord, I thank Thee that I have enjoyed Thy presence on the water, in the water and under the water." An explanation was asked, and the sailor explained: "I was once on a voyage and I found God on the sea. I was wrecked and He was my friend in the water; and I became a diver and had His presence with me under the water. I have never gone home with an empty basket. Faith and works combined must bring the victory. Our young Corps-Cadet and G.B.M. Agent, Beatrice Frederick, is by no means laboring without a hope, as her baskets are being filled and the Lord is with her, about the average being the result for September quarter.

## Deseronto.

Another new G.B.M. Agent takes up the work here. Though Miss Rosamond Presley is not a soldier of the Army, she is a firm believer in our work, and takes pleasure in doing her best to try and secure funds to push on this work. Deseronto reaches a mark this quarter that has not been surpassed for years. Miss Presley has done well by making an advance of \$2.59 on last quarter.

## Pictou.

There was not a cloud on the smiling face of Brother Stanley, our Local Agent for Pictou. A number of our new glass boxes were placed in prominent business places, and the results have been good, a total of \$6.72 being collected. The Royal Hotel box had the largest collection, \$1.25.

## Napanea.

The returns exceeded last quarter by a small amount, but there exists a feeling that we must do much more here. Mrs. Ilay's ambition runs high in the way of trying to secure a number of new box holders. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. May God bless every G.B.M. Agent!

## Bright Testimonies.

Selkirk—Revival fire still burns, and is made manifest in the glorious fact that five souls sought and Christ during the last week. Glory be to God! They all seem to be real good cases, and give bright and certain testimonies of the work that is done in their souls. Hallelujah! We are believing for greater victories in the future, holding God to His Word.—W. J. M., for Capt. G. W.

## Good Tent Meetings.

Spokane—In spite of the many attractions, we are having good times. The interest is good. Crowds attend our open-air and tent meetings. Our tent meetings are very well attended. God's Spirit is taking hold of the hearts of the people, and souls are seeking salvation every week. We have started the string band, with Bro. Dick Whatmough in charge, and the brass band is doing nicely under the management of Bandmaster Frost. Everything seems to be pointing in the right direction for a good work to be done.—Sunlight.



# The Song of the City.

(Continued from page 9.)

Here is a man; for forty years his life has been a wreck; full of guilt and badness. You say, as you look at his shining countenance, what blotted out that record of sin and shame? He answers, "The penitent's prayer." He is a man who has been sorely tempted and she fell. Devils leaped when the crash came, but her heart broke and her soul was almost gone. As you look upon the ripples playing over her features, you ask, with much surprise, what carried that burden, and put back that star-like light into the eyes, and put the merry into the lips; the angels will take it upon themselves to answer, and cry, "The penitent's prayer."

There is a professed Christian; I mean he called himself a Christian for fifteen years, but he had dark, hidden sins underneath, sins of a deeply stained slaver, and his conscience never left him sleeping. He was sick, what took the stain out of that conscience, and put in happiness which rivals all the poor fading joys of this world—the answer is, "The penitent's prayer."

There is a backslider—the saddest of all sinners. You ask what forgave those many falls, what rebuilt the wastes, and covered the terrible defeats of that poor soul, giving a triumph which shook the pillars of unbelief in ten thousand hearts—the answer comes as with Samson, "The penitent's prayer." Do you remember Samson? I fancy I can see him—sorrow of his strength, bereft of his sight, hopeless, despairing, led out by a boy to the sport of the great Philistine fete day. With trembling limb he is brought to the pillars of the great temple, amidst the ribald shouts and contemptuous laughter caused by the changed appearance of their distinguished foe. Old memories stir and the power of the unchanging ability of the love of God, and with the breaking of a penitent's heart, he lifts his eyes to the open heavens, and by that eye of faith by which the seer can always see the face of his God, cries, "Just this once, O Lord, just this once," and the victory of his death was greater than the victory of his life.

Ah, this is the way to strength, to happiness, to goodness! This is the way, the only way to become a child of God. This is the first gate to the road that leads to heaven. It can only be opened by the key of the penitent.

What about my work? says somebody. I sing in the choir, I give the strength I do a great many things that are good and right. Trust not to the labor of your hands, the Bible says, but "do those works which are meet for repentance."

"Do you know how many 'Comes' there are in the Bible? Six hundred and forty-two, and everyone is written in reply to the seeking plea of a penitent's heart."

## THE NOTE OF FORGIVENESS.

THE second note in this Redemption's Song, is the song of the forgiven.

In every song there are those stanzas that we like the best. The part that I consider the prettiest and sweetest in the new song is that which strikes the chord Redeemed. David sang the same when he struck his harp and composed that chorus, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." One great provision that God made for dealing with sin was to forgive it. Sin sends some down a dark tide through the world, blighting hopes, wrecking homes, breaking hearts, killing the children, filling the prisons, crowding the lunatic asylums. Sin—no power greater outside of heaven! No sting keener outside of hell. Is there no arm strong enough to turn the tide? Yes! the spike-torn arm of Calvary! Is there no strength strong enough to bring deliverance? Yes! the strength found in the arm of a crucified Lord, when a whole world of agony combined into one thunderbolt struck through His heart. He cried, "Father, forgive them."

To cover your sin is no good—actions of thousands have proved this. The spade of the grave-digger will dig it up. To deny it is equally useless. God's record keeps the account. To forget it—yes, you may do so—many do, but God never forgets. There is nothing for you to do but to bring it to Jesus and get it forgiven. Don't try to comfort yourself by saying you are not a sinner, and are therefore free. This will be poor, poor comfort when you stand with your feet in the wet gravel of the tomb.

From a certain part of a particular mountain in Switzerland any sentence you speak will be echoed thirteen or fifteen times.

From Golgotha hill this cry, "Forgive them, Father," has been echoed in any and every place where there is the throbb of a human soul.

## VICTORY IN DEATH.

THE Redemption's Song is the song of victory in death.

Death! That one great hour when the mightiest need of all life sets in—that valley which all must tread, which needs a light more than all the shady places of time. Those dark gates through which every soul must pass, when a greater wait than every wait of your life combined sets in to have someone to go with you. When the strong get there, their strength is gone, and they are weak. When the great get there, their greatness is gone, and they are small. When the rich get there, their riches are gone, and they are poor.

One great hour, filled with farewells. True sorrow no matter how sweet on earth, cannot do their sweetness then. Wealth, no matter how prized in life, cannot be bothered with money in death. Friends, well, all you have to say to them is good-bye; they cannot care to hear you further now. The vow of an everlasting day is on the brow; the pressure of an endless eternity impedes the pulse. The dimness of approaching night rests on the eye. As they throw their feet, the heart beats to the death-knell, and the soul is gone. The day is closed, the sun is down—down behind the hills. Face too pale for color, lips too stiff to speak, hands too heavy to raise, limbs too rigid to move, eyes too blind to see—all gone, it is death—death!

Children left, wife left, business left, street left, city left, all for the grave! Is there anything can take away the sting of death? Nothing give victory over the grave? A shout from the millions who have Jordan passed cry, "Yes, ten thousand times, yes!"

We have all listened to the final chords, considering grand selections, how each surpasses each in strength. In power, in beauty, until the whole being was in a responsive harmony. So in this Redemption's Song, its completion is only reached when earth's damp has a drag off the soul's encumbering wrappings, and faith finds its consummation in sight.

John Huss told his friend, whose spirit was with the aspirant hero of the martyr's sufferings, to watch him carefully when he would be at the stake, promising to give him some sign if he found the torturing death was worse than his natural flesh and blood expected. When the time drew near for the faggots to be lit round the form of the martyr, the pale face of his friend, with protruding eyes and drawn features, depicting the anguish of mind through which he was passing, turned to see the martyr to the front of the crowd of spectators which gathered to see how the martyr could die. To the surprise of all, John Huss lifted his right arm, all adamo, then the left arm, up which the martyr's anguish was seen. Then clapping his hands, shouted to his life-long companion in the crowd, "Friend, tell the world, even in the fire it is all right with Jesus!"

Today, the composer of "Rock of Ages," in his inspiring moments cried, "The light of the world of breathing, 'till uplifted hands are spread." "Light, light!" and the gates of the city of God, where the sun never sets, closed behind him.

As the lamp God hangs in the midnight sky casts its silvery rays on the land, and waves of the sea, so the saint the waves of Jordan shall be lit with the down-fashing of the glory to come.

Your dying day is coming. Life will soon be lived; its opportunities soon

passed, its chances soon gone. Death will soon ask your hand. Have you learnt Redemption's Song, that you may join in the chorus of the redeemed?

## THE NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

LASTLY, Redemption's Song is the song of the glorified.

Some of us cannot sing very well down here. We never have been able to. Some of us who used to sing well have lost our voices; but, oh, how we shall sing when we join in the new song with those who are redeemed.

The beauty of a great orchestra is composed by its different parts. So composed is the great orchestra of heaven. The heavy basses will roll in, telling of battles fought, the war waged, Jordan crossed.

The seconds will come sweeping in of trials borne, tears wiped, griefs carried. The tenors strike out, our sins he bore, transgressions carried, our children He blessed. The sopranos come in with, He loved us, He took care of us, He kept us!

"He gave us joy where once was woe, He healed our souls and bade us go, Our bondage never more to know."

Then the bells peal, and all the hosts of heaven, with all the children he wore the throne, come in with the chorus—

"'Twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus!"

We shall sing how He came from heaven to a stable to find us. We shall sing how with stone bruises and a storm-pelted body He died on Calvary to save us.

We shall sing how, in resurrection power, He opened heaven's gate to receive us.

The Song of the City will be Jesus! I want to be sure that I know it, for I shall want to throw all the strength of an immortal voice into it, when no from a myriad voices, and from a myriad harps, and from a myriad thrones, and from a myriad hosts of angels, flashes up this stupendous outburst of song, this new song—Redemption's Song—the Song of the City.

Ah, do I hear somebody say:—

"If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan vanished!"

## Specials at the Prisons.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted the Sunday services at the Central Prison on a recent Sunday afternoon, also the usual Sunday service at the Mercer Reformatory. The inmates of both these institutions paid the best attention, and expressed their appreciation of the singing, etc., in no uncertain sound. The officers are very kind at these institutions, and always render us all the assistance possible.

The Staff-Capt. was assisted Capt. J. Russell and W. Peacock, also G.C. Eva Simpson.

## Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon at Uxbridge.

What can be said of the visit of the Training Home Staff to Uxbridge? The week-end meetings were certainly all that could be desired. In addition to the Staff-Captains there were Capt. Ficker, Sister Mad Penco and Little Fick, Stanyon presents at the officers in charge. Capt. Gie and Lieut. Corniche, who are carrying on a good work in this place, were recently commissioned Cadets, who looked eagerly forward to having a good time during the visit of their former pupils. Large crowds of both the open-air and inside meetings, \$12 was the income, and two young men came out crying for pardon on Sunday night. A pressing invitation was given for them to come again.—T.

Our Norwegian comrades who attended the General's meetings and attended the Christmas Eve service, a very nice treat at which were present the General, Colonels Lawley and Paulsen, Brigadier Mapp, and Major Cox.

# The First Harvest Thanksgiving

By STAFF-CAPT. F. MORRIS.

GIVING to the work of God should be counted one of the greatest joys that He has given His people. Right through His Holy Word we learn how God has ever blessed those who sacrificed unto Him their choicest gifts.

The story of Israel in giving, the firstlings of his flock, in the first chapter of Genesis, sets before us an example that all may well follow while the selfishness displayed in offering Cain shows us too clearly how the devil tempts those who.

Things Which Do Not Cost Us Any thing.

In this matter of giving there are Abels and Cains just as truly in our day as there were four thousand years before Christ. The man who emptied his gold sack into the collection plate of the poorest band on the streets of Dawson City, and Klondike, and still wished he had more to give, showed at least a hint of the spirit in which we should offer our treasures to God.

Paul knew well what the truth of the word meant which he addressed to the elders of Ephesus when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If, as Salvation Army soldiers, as Christians, we would do a little less asking and do more giving, we should have the ability, do it ungrudgingly, and as unto the Lord—we may be quite certain that God would not be slow in granting to us blessings in return. "God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. 9:1.

No one has a better opportunity than officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army of meeting with people of moderate means, and seeing fully exemplified some of the most useful of spirits, who would give of their substance, and could advance the Kingdom of Christ.

I remember well, while out collecting for Harvest Festival, coming across a man away from home and friends, with a scarcity of food and less than one dollar in his possession, who, when approached on the subject of Harvest Festival, ran at once to a small hut void of any comfort, and forth

A Well-Worn Silver took from the few silver pieces it contained the amount of fifty cents. An expression of his face told the plain soldier he was already repaid abundantly for the sacrifice he had made.

But alas! alas! while thousands such hearts dot the world over, only too few are seen now and again. The plain soldier he was already repaid abundantly for the sacrifice he had made. But alas! alas! while thousands such hearts dot the world over, only too few are seen now and again. The plain soldier he was already repaid abundantly for the sacrifice he had made. But alas! alas! while thousands such hearts dot the world over, only too few are seen now and again. The plain soldier he was already repaid abundantly for the sacrifice he had made.

Then again, what a task it is often to be the treasurer to others in the Lord's money! There are those who are sure to be taken away should it be so? There is no reason why men and women should not give to the furtherance of the Kingdom a tenth part of what they have. As God shows us how graciously He gives, so we should do the same. The work of God would not suffer to such a great extent for the want of funds.

What is your name, dear reader? Is it like unto Abel, whose name is loved by God, and who lived his life in the giving of the best of his flock, or like unto Cain, whose small and insignificant gifts were unacceptable to God?—T.



## Fancy and Fact.

IN the quarters at the Captain alone; he had barely been in charge of his corps one month. Since the time, however, that he had assumed command God had graciously honored his labors, many sinners had been swept into the fount of life, and, too, the congregations at the barracks had increased not a little. There were other signs of progress besides these that should have gone to make glad the heart of the Captain; but as he sat shut in that small room with his thoughts, he was much depressed and not his usual self, accounted for by the fact that Bro. Coldwater had paid him a visit just fifteen minutes before.

Now, in many ways Bro. Coldwater was not a bad sort of a chap: there was gold to be found in his nature somewhere, if you could only get at it—he had been a soldier for the last fifteen years and was a faithful plodder, but he was awfully hard to move and never saw things right in the right way. At any rate, you could always be quite certain he would always be against the introduction of anything new, or, in a word, anything at all which meant extra expenditure of strength. It was desperately hard for him to see through schemes of any kind. This Bro. Coldwater had his own set ideas about things, and it would have taken

### The Strength of a Hercules.

to move him from the position he took in regard to various matters which affected the corps from time to time.

The Captain had, just a short time previous to the arrival of Bro. Coldwater, received a letter from the Provincial Officer, which read as follows:

"Dear Captain,—  
"Harvest Festival, as you will be aware, is drawing very near, and now writing to you that after very careful consideration, we think that it will not be out of the way to place your corps target at \$100—which is a couple of dollars in advance of the amount raised by your corps last year."

"Now, dear Captain, we fully appreciate the extra toll the pushing forward of this scheme will necessitate on your part, and also on the part of the soldiers of your corps, but I have reason to believe that the latter are proper blood-and-fire Salvationists, and will help you to the utmost of their ability to raise funds, so that the Gospel chariot may roll along; faster than ever."

"The Commissioner and myself are fully relying upon you, and I know you will come out with flying colors."  
"May God bless you very richly."  
(Signed) J. B. Provincial Officer."

"Yes," the Captain said to himself, "I will certainly do my best. It will be quite a struggle, but I have no fear but what we shall come out all right. Let me see, now, —"

He was just formulating some plan in his mind when he knocked came at the door, and a moment later B. Coldwater stepped into the room.

"Glad to see you," said the Captain to Bro. Coldwater as he shook him warmly by the hand. The former began the conversation just after reading his P. O.'s letter, began the conversation by saying, "I have received this (showing the envelope) by this post; soon while I read you an extract from it."

"Save from —"  
A Sepulchral Grunt  
now and again from Bro. Coldwater during his reading (which, happily, the Captain did not hear) the silence was unbroken. Having finished the letter the Captain fixed his eyes on his visitor, expecting to hear a few words of encouragement. But no such thing happened, and he was dumb-founded by hearing Comrade Coldwater say:

"You're afraid, Captain, there's not much chance for the Harvest Festival this year. The crops are heavy, to be sure, but the prices are consequently low; and then, for all the trouble there is to fetch the grain, the farmers there is little recompense. It may be

different in other places, where the people are more wealthy, but here— and he cocked his head to one side assuming a most analytic air, there, I say, it is no use. I am not one to discourage anything, but I would simply write back and say it can't be done. They, at Headquarters, don't understand things as we do here or they would never expect this corps to raise an amount of one hundred dollars." Then, with sham sympathy, he said, "I really would not waste your strength, dear Captain. Don't worry any more about the matter," and with this Bro. Coldwater took his departure, and none too soon, for the Captain's ardor was beginning to feel woefully chilled, himself much depressed, and if he had not then had an opportunity to collect the dying embers of his fiery enthusiasm Harvest Festival in that corps would certainly have been a decided failure.

Now, my respected friend, you are sure, along a little, and play a couple of easy chords on the concertina, which latter accomplishment had helped the Captain out in many an emergency struggle. He could also give a good talk on salvation, seasoned with lots of good common sense, but

Are You Coming to the

# Toronto Congress?

Secure Your Billet Early.

he was in no sense an orator, neither did he claim to be. His education was also limited to the extent that the lack of letters and grammar often caused him trouble; but with all his failures, he often succeeded where others had miserably failed in the duties the Captain gave him. The real secret of his success was apparent to all who knew him—that he was a generous man, full of the earnest for the salvation of sinners. Bro. Brightside had the faculty of always seeing the most hopeful side of things, and was never slow to appreciate any new scheme which might be launched in his little corps for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. He was a splendid worker, and belonged to that noble few who say, "Do as I do, and not as I say." Thus it was that Bro. Brightside was made great help and blessing to the town in which he lived, and to the corps in particular with which he fought.

We think you will have now a little insight into the character of the man who happily came along to see the Captain the same evening of the day on which Bro. Coldwater had put in an appearance.

The commanding officer, with his month's acquaintance, not knowing but what the general opinion of the soldiers had been voiced by Brother Coldwater, was a little timid in assenting to the charge of the matter to other matters. At length, however, the Captain mustered up enough courage to say:

"We are nearing the Annual Harvest Festival effort, Bro. Brightside."

"Yes," the latter replied, "I guess we are, Captain. What is our target?"

"One hundred dollars," came the reply.

"Oh, that's not much, to be sure; and with the beautiful harvest God has given the people of this community, it will be a very simple matter to reach the amount. You can rely upon my help, Captain, and though I am not rich, I have five dollars that belongs to the Lord, and here it is."

The Captain felt a new man. His

old-time zeal had returned. The voice of Bro. Brightside was as a spark to a powder magazine, and the whole corps took up the spirit of these two men, and as a result, H. F. at that corps was a great success.—Pry.

### A Terrible Catastrophe.

As the result of a landslide, supposed to have been due to seismic disturbances, some twenty villages were destroyed and nearly 700 persons were killed. On the northern slope of Mount Kasbeck lies the watering place of Tmenkau. Early in the morning of August 17th, subterranean disturbances were noted at Tmenkau. At seven o'clock that evening the entire valley where the hot springs were situated was filled with a deafening noise resembling thunder, and loud underground rumblings were heard. The valley stream swelled to the dimensions of a mighty torrent, and, sweeping down, it, carried with its huge blocks of rock and ice. The entire northern slope of Mount Kasbeck, with the glacier above, then began to move rapidly. Village after village were swept away, and everything in the path of the landslide was destroyed. Within a few minutes the valley, which is nearly twelve miles long, had been devastated by a wall of rock, ice, and earth. The valley was completely filled up in some places to a depth of nearly 1,000 feet by the matter which was hurled into it. A

fierce hurricane raged at the time of the landslide, and the bodies of people and animals were flung by the wind to a great height and dashed against the rocks.

"You think you will go to heaven by good works; you might as well try to sail to America in a paper boat. You will be swamped if you attempt it. Your good works will never carry you over safely."—Luther.

### I. F. S. Appointments.

Adj't. Perry. — Mantoulin, Tues. Sept. 13, to Mon. Sept. 22; Sudbury, Tues. and Wed. Sept. 23, 24; Sturgeon Falls, Thurs. Sept. 25; Callander, Fri. Sept. 26; North Bay, Sat. and Sun. Sept. 27, 28; St. Catharines, Mon. Sept. 29; Abmie Harbor, Tues. and Wed. Sept. 30, Oct. 1; Parry Sound, Thurs. and Fri. Oct. 2, 3; Huntsville, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 4, 5; Bracebridge, Mon. Oct. 6; Orillia, Tues. Oct. 7; West. Wed. Oct. 8; Midland, Thurs. Oct. 9; Orillia, Fri. Oct. 10; Barrie, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 11, 12; Hope, Mon. Oct. 13; Newmarket, Tues. Oct. 14; Aurora, Wed. Oct. 15; City, Thurs. Oct. 16.

Capt. Peole.—Montreal L. Thurs. and Fri. Sept. 13, 18; Montreal H. Sat. and Sun. Sept. 20, 21; French corps, Mon. Sept. 22; Lighthouse, Tues. Sept. 23; St. Albans, Wed. Sept. 24; Burlington, Thurs. and Fri. Sept. 25, 26; Barre, Sat. and Sun. Sept. 27, 28; St. Johnsbury, Mon. and Tues. Sept. 29, 30; Newport, Wed. Oct. 1; Sherbrooke, Tues. and Wed. Oct. 2, 3; Quebec, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 4, 5; Quebec, Mon. Oct. 6; Ottawa, Tues. Oct. 7; Montreal, Wed. Oct. 8; Ottawa, Thurs. and Fri. Oct. 9, 10; Amherst, Mon. Oct. 13; Perth, Tues. and Wed. Oct. 14, 15; Dead Creek, Thurs. Oct. 16; Clonfert, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 17, 18, 19; Kalamand, Mon. Oct. 20; Tweed, Tues. and Wed. Oct. 21, 22; Peterboro, Thurs. and Fri. Oct. 23, 24.

## COMING EVENTS.

**COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS**  
Will visit Dundas, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

### T.H.Q. Specials.

**BRIGADIER and MRS. GASKIN.**  
Galt, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

**BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH**  
and ENSIGN WHITEKER.  
Lippincott, Sunday, Sept. 21.

### MAJOR COLLIER

Will visit Ingersoll, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20 and 21.

**STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.**  
Temple, Sun., Sept. 21.

**STAFF-CAPT. PAGE**  
Will visit Peterboro, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

**ADJT. and MRS. MILLER**  
Will visit Dovercourt, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21.

**TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND,**  
Under the Direction of Brigadier Gaskin.  
Will visit St. Catharines, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28.

**T. H. Q. MUSICAL SECTET.**  
Hamilton I. and II., Sept. 20, 21.

**ENSGN EASTON.**  
Dovercourt, Sunday, Sept. 21.

**ENSGN ARNOLD.**  
Brooklyn, Sun., Sept. 21.

**CAPT. FREEMAN.**  
Esther St., Sunday, Sept. 21.

### Spiritual Specials.

**BRIGADIER PUGHMIRE,**  
Assisted by Capt. Urquhart,  
Ottawa, Sept. 10 to Sept. 23; Montreal I. Sept. 24 to Oct. 5.

**STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT and STAFF-CAPT. MANTON**  
Will visit St. Thomas, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22.

### East Ontario Province.

**THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS**  
Will visit Barre, Vt., Tues. Sept. 9 to 22; Burlington, Sat. Sept. 23 to Oct. 6; St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 7 to 13; Pl. St. Charles, Que., Oct. 14 to 27.

### STAFF-CAPT. CREIGHTON,

The Chancellor,

Will visit Kingston, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 20, 21, 22; Gan-twaque, Tues. Sept. 23; Brockville, Wed. Sept. 24; Oranburg, Thurs. Sept. 25; Prescott, Fri. Sept. 26; Cornwall, Sat. and Sun. Sept. 27, 28.

### Central Ontario Province.

#### BRIGADIER PICKERING

Will visit Riverside, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; Newmarket, Mon. Sept. 22; Aurora, Tues. Sept. 23; Dovercourt, Thurs. Sept. 25; Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Chesley, Mon. Sept. 29; Oranville, Tues. Sept. 30; Esther St., Thurs. Oct. 2; Temple, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 4, 5.

### STAFF-CAPT. CASS

Will visit Esther St., Thurs. Sept. 18; Riverside, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; Newmarket, Mon. Sept. 22; Aurora, Tues. Sept. 23; Dovercourt, Thurs. Sept. 25; Brampton, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Oranville, Tues. Sept. 30.

### East Ontario Province.

#### MAJOR TURNER

Will visit Barre, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 20, 21; St. Albans, Mon. Sept. 22; Montreal I., Thurs. Sept. 25; Quebec, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28; Cornwall, Sat. and Sun., Mon. Oct. 4, 5, 6.



# OUR HUSHLERS HONOR ROLL

Brigadier Sharp an "Aeronaut" Also  
Poor Current I-A New Star in the  
"West"—Central Ontario's Re-  
cord-Breaker—Two Wor-  
thies—The New Cadets.

I suggest that Brigadier Sharp be-  
come an aeronaut right away. His  
province is certainly up among the  
clouds, so far above the next one that  
he looks like a mere speck on the  
broad expanse of blue. Can hundreds  
and forty Hustlers is something to  
be proud of. How do you like bal-  
looning, Brigadier?

Alas, poor Current! No longer does  
she shine forth, a thing of beauty and a  
joy forever. Her light is out this  
week at any rate. Oh, Lieutenant,  
how we miss you!

I have discovered a new star in  
the West. Please gaze in the direc-  
tion of London, Ontario, on any clear  
starry night, and you will see it your-  
self. It's a beauty, and you'll easily  
be able to pick it out, for it shines  
with a 175 lustre. We have called it  
the "Western Wonder," after Lieut.  
West, a friend of mine.

By the way, the renowned Nigger  
brately stepped on Arab's tall toes—  
just two inches short, that's all!

There are three things that dis-  
tinguish the Central Ontario list this  
week—may, four! (1) Sent St.  
Marie, the coming metropolitan, reaches  
the 100 mark through Lieut. Crocker-  
ers efforts; (2) the worthy Cashier,  
Ensign French, did herself proud by  
disposing of 40 Crabs on the streets of  
Orangeville during her special visit;  
(3) Lieut. Shoshogazak (Indian, I  
presume, for Blue Sky, a thing I  
didn't know before) makes an ap-  
pearance, and (4) Lieut. Current's  
name is missing.

Lieut. Langley of Burlington and  
Lieut. Lowrie of the same place are  
doing well; 190 and 180 respectively  
is something to be proud of. I can  
tell you. Try and go over the 200  
each, comrades.

Watch these lists for the new Cadet  
Hustlers. Nearly fifty of them I  
hear. My, oh, my, ain't we going  
to have a time of it!

## Eastern Province.

140 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	223
Lieut. Duncan, St. John I.	220
P. S.-M. Casbia, Halifax I.	167
Sergt. Ivors, Windsor	157
Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay	135
P. S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	131
Capt. Hawboldt, Truro	103
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	129
Sergt. Veinot, Charlottetown	129
Capt. Morthough, St. John V.	115
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	110
Capt. McKinnell, Carleton	110
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	103
Mr. Adj. DeWitt, Charlottetown	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	90
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	90
Lieut. Cavendish, Moncton	90
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	110
Lieut. Clark, Sackville	85
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth	85
Lieut. White, North Sydney	80
Capt. Prince, St. George's	70
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Lieut. Black, Westville	75
Lieut. Gladstone, Chatham	70
Cadet Corkum, St. John I.	75
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	70
Wm. Jennings, St. George's	70
Lieut. Gilhanna, Antigonish	70
Lieut. McDonald, St. John's	65
Lieut. Lawson, Whiteby Pass	65
Sergt. Reid, St. John I.	60
Mr. Ems. Carter, New Glasgow	60
Bro. Dunkley, St. George's	60
Bro. Jennings, St. George's	60
Lieut. Whales, Louisburg	57
Mr. Adm. McGee, Chatham	57
R. Peckwood, St. George's	55

Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Capt. Forsy, Parrsboro	55
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Sergt. Waterson, Sydney	50
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	50
Father Armstrong, St. John I.	50
Ensign Bowring, Woodstock	50
Capt. Anderson, St. John I.	50
Lieut. Copeland, St. John I.	50
Capt. Lebons, Newcastle	50
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	50
Ensign Williams, Springhill	50
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	50
Sergt. Beazley, Halifax II.	50
Capt. James, Halifax II.	50
P. S.-M. Worth, Charlottetown	50
Capt. Tatem, Charlottetown	45
Lieut. Hamilton, Bear River	45
Lieut. DeBow, Fairville	45
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	42
Adj. Tiller, Sydney Mines	40
Capt. Eshary, Digby	40
Lieut. White, Digby	40
Annie Faybitt, Bridgetown	40
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	40
Mrs. James, Halifax II.	40
Cadet Smith, Windsor	40
Capt. Netting, Windsor	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	36
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV.	36
Capt. Harding, Sussex	35
Cadet Connors, Sussex	35
W. Burgess, Halifax	35
Sergt. McKay, Halifax II.	35
E. Brewer, Halifax I.	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Green, Hantsport	30
Lieut. McKay, Ronston	30
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	30
Sergt. Deane, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. Buras, Somerset	30
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	30
Bishop Munroe, Freeport	30
P. S.-M. Jones, St. John I.	30
Lieut. Smith, Glace Bay	30
Sergt. Phil, Springhill	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	30
Capt. McCachern, Kentville	27
Capt. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Sister Clark, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
C. C. Bishop, Woodstock	25
Kirk Allen, Woodstock	25
M. Sells, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. C. Foster, Parrsboro	25
Mrs. Snel, Adm. II.	25
J. Melvin, Dominion	25
Maud Waterman, Dominion	25
Aggie Wilson, Dominion	25
Mr. Fraser, Halifax I.	25
Capt. Martin, Windsor	20
Lieut. L. Smith, Glace Bay	20
Sydney Church, St. George's	20
Geo. Pearce, St. George's	20
Lieut. White, Bridgetown	20
Lieut. Ridland, Bridgetown	20
M.-M. Keat, Bear River	20
Mrs. Douglas, Carleton	20
Cadet New, Halifax I.	20
C. C. Boone, Halifax II.	20
Sergt. Sample, Stellarton	20
Capt. Melvor, North Head	20
Lieut. McKillop, North Head	20
C. C. Gooch, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Berry, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Pelly, Chatham	20
Sergt. Dow, Dartmouth	20
Beasle Shawman, Windsor	20
Capt. Davis, Summersburg	20
Lieut. McKinnon, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Morthough, St. John I.	20
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	20
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	20
Capt. Penner, Amherst	20
Sister McGee, Glace Bay	20
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	20
Mr. Lodge, Hamilton	20
May Kirkby, Halifax	20
Lottie Rafuse, Halifax	20
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Leach, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Lowley, Fairville	20
Capt. Green, Louisburg	20
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	20
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	20

West Ontario Province.	
80 Hustlers	
Lieut. West, London	375
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	40
Mrs. Adm. McGee, Chatham	155
Mr. Major Cooper, Brantford	115

P. S.-M. McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	100
Lieut. Glos, Hespeler	100
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	100
Capt. V. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	100
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	95
Lieut. Richardson, Wingham	95
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	90
P. S.-M. Schuster, Berlin	90
Lieut. Anderson, Wingham	89
P. S.-M. Brydon, Windsor	89
Lieut. Hicaley, Simcoe	80
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	80
Capt. Williams, Essex	80
S.-M. Tremble, Windsor	80
Capt. Feeney, Windsor	71
Mrs. Ems. Hoddinott, Ingersoll	70
Capt. Harman, Ridgeway	70
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	67
Capt. Malsey, Brantford	60
Ensign Debraut, Woodstock	60
Calista Siver, St. Thomas	60
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Sarnia	60
Cand. Woods, Stratford	60
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	55
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	55
Mrs. Garrod, Leamington	55
S.-M. Warkentin, Forest	53
Sister Britton, Stratford	50
Capt. Jordison, Stratford	50
Capt. Hogan, Clinton	50
Lieut. Allen, Watford	50
Capt. Coy, Goderich	50
C. C. Crocker, Goderich	50
Mrs. Moyse, Goderich	50
Mrs. Lebrooke, Leamington	50
Cadet Backus, St. Thomas	50
Lieut. Murray, Blenheim	50
Lieut. McColl, Bonville	50
Ensign, Goderich	40
Mrs. Adj. Cameron, Guelph	40
C. C. Vorna, Guelph	40
Capt. Barne, Blenheim	40
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	40
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	35
Lieut. Dunlop, Paris	35
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	35
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	35
Adj. Goombs, Petrolia	35
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	35
Capt. I. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	35
P. S.-M. McQueen, London	35
Ensign Chatterton, Guelph	30
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	30
L. Garalde, London	30
Mr. Alice Howlett, Drayton	30
Marj Wilson, Simcoe	30
Lieut. Cook, Thedford	30
Ensign, J. Deane, Sarnia	25
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	25
Sister Horney, Goderich	25
Sister Lindsay, Strathroy	25
C. C. Christian, Petrolia	25
Capt. Rock, Seaforth	25
Cand. Windsor	25
Tressa, Christner, Dresden	25
Mrs. Welsby, Delhi	20
S.-M. Grahav, Thamesville	20
Mr. Augustus, Wexley	20
Adj. Mitchell, Petrolia	20
C. C. Burgess, Strathroy	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Livens, Ingersoll	20
Nellie Brown, Bothwell	20
Mrs. Giesler, Chatham	20
C. C. Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20

## Central Ontario Province.

75 Hustlers	
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Mrs. Jones, Hantsport	90
Adj. Barrows, Lippincott	85
Allice Eshary, Bracebridge	80
Lieut. Minnes, Riverdale	75
Capt. Hart, Hamilton II.	70
Sergt. McArthur, Temple	70
Sergt. Sailer, Barrie	65
Bro. McGee, Strathroy	60
Sergt. Andrews, Temple	60
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Sister Munro, Collingwood	61
Adj. Macdonald, Temple	60
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	55
Capt. E. H. Smith, Strathroy	55
C. C. Sheardson, Eber Street	50
Capt. Meender, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
Capt. McArthur, Sarnia	50
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	50
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	50
Ensign Smith, Barrie	50
Adj. Baie, Lisgar Street	45
Cand. Nellie Glenville, Bowmanville	45
Sergt. Clark, Lippincott	45
Ensign Smith, Lippincott	45
Ensign French, Orangeville	45
S.-M. Travis, Newmarket	40
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	40
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Capt. Leggett, Parry Sound	38
Lieut. McGee, Parry Sound	37
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickels, Sturgeon Falls	37
Mrs. Capt. Bennett, Chawawa	37
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	37
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	37
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	37

C. C. O'Connell, Lindsay	100
Cand. McMullan, Lindsay	100
Capt. Stollrich, Riverdale	100
S.-M. Mrs. Stewart, Lindsay St.	100
Capt. Cartwright, Newmarket	100
Ident. Lamb, Newmarket	95
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar Street	90
Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	90
Lieut. Courtenay, Uxbridge	90
Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	90
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	80
Sergt. Fullbrook, Barrie	80
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	80
Capt. Williams, Brooklin	80
Capt. McArthur, Street	80
Capt. Capper, Little Current	70
Dad Dixon, Temple	70
Lieut. Shoshogazak (Blue Sky)	70
Little Current	67
Lieut. Stickels, Gravenhurst	60
Bro. B. Vanetto, Oshawa	60
Sergt. Mrs. Bro. Midland	60
Ensign Sherwin, Midland	60
Capt. Euskason, Midland	60
S.-M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	55
Bro. Aldrich, Lisgar Street	55
Ident. Kinsmont	55
S.-M. McHenry	55
Sister Donaldson, Lisgar St.	50
Lieut. Wellsby, Oshawa	50
F. Silverthorn, Temple	50
Sister Campbell, Chesley	50
Lieut. Boyer, Bracebridge	50
Bro. Sherwin, Midland	50
Capt. Culbert, Bowmanville	50
Adj. Sims, Lindsay	50
Mrs. Adj. Sims, Lindsay	50
Bro. Nelson, Lindsay	50
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	50
Ident. Kinsmont	50
Sister Palmer, Esther Street	50

## East Ontario Province.

66 Hustlers	
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	100
Lieut. Lowrie, Burlington	100
P. S.-M. Duffley, Ottawa	100
Sergt. Raymo, Barrie	100
Lieut. Duncan, Oshawa	100
Sister Galt, Oshawa	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montrose I.	100
Sergt. Moor, Montreal I.	100
Ensign Blane, Ottawa	100
Capt. Woods, Kempenfelt	100
Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	100
Lieut. Weber, St. Johnsbury	100
Capt. Galt, Oshawa	100
Mrs. Ensign Blane, Ottawa	100
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	100
Adj. MacNamara, Kingston	100
C. C. Pollitt, Kingston	100
Lieut. Keats, Newport	100
Cadet J. J. Newport	100
Cra. Capt. Clark, Montreal I.	100
Capt. Liddell, Milbrook	100
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	100
Adj. Moore, Peterboro	100
Capt. O'Neill, Arnprior	100
Lieut. Soward, Arnprior	100
C. C. Burgess, Montreal I.	100
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	100
Mrs. Adj. Newman, Prescott	100
Adj. Newman, Prescott	100
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	100
Capt. Picher, Napanee	100
Lieut. Moore, Kingston	100
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	100
Sergt. Loebe, Montreal I.	100
Mrs. Hipsen, Montreal II.	100
Capt. Podger, Brockville	100
Capt. Brimston, Port Hope	100
C. C. Carson, Kingston	100
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	100
S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa	100
P. S.-M. Rice, Montreal I.	100
Sister Barry, Quebec	100
S.-M. Stone, Lakeside	100
Lieut. Oldford, Cobourg	100
Lieut. Hodge, Prescott	100
Mrs. King, Napanee	100
Capt. Burth, Tweed	100
C. C. Brimston, Quebec	100
Tressa, White, Brockville	100
P. S.-M. Neen, Tweed	100
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	100
P. S.-M. Macdonald, Montreal I.	100
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	100
S.-M. Thompson, Napanee	100
Mr. Green, Peterboro	100
Mrs. Wright, Montreal I.	100
C. C. Casselman, Campbellton	100
P. S.-M. Macdonald, Montreal I.	100
Mrs. Capt. Fudge, Cobourg	100
Ethel Ledgeworth, Peterboro	100
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	100
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	100
Capt. Brimston, Port Hope	100
Mrs. Brimston, Port Hope	100
Mrs. Chatten, Peterboro	100
Sergt. Housden, Montreal I.	100

## Newfoundland Province.

35 Hustlers	
Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.	100
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, St. John's I.	100
Capt. Ritchie, St. John's I.	100
Nellie Rose, Grand Bank	100



Vancouver, B.C.	Major Street, cor. James and Albert sts.
Toronto, Ont.	Adm. Bldg., Midland, Riverway & Ave., Linton St.
St. John, N.B.	Staff-Captain Holman, 30 St. James Street
Montreal, Que.	Adjutant Henry, 242 St. Antoine Street
Halifax, N.S.	Staff-Captain, 1000 & Young Streets
Halifax, N.S.	Mrs. Emma Payne, 71 Windsor Street
St. John's, Nfld.	Enslem Wood, 26 Cook Street
Ottawa, Ont.	Enslem Wood, 26 Cook Street
Calgary, Alta.	Enslem Wood, 26 Cook Street
Butte, Mont.	Enslem Wood, 26 Cook Street
Spokane, Wash.	Staff-Capt. Jost, 720 Chandler St.
Vancouver, B.C.	Enslem Wood, 26 Cook Street

**Fidelity:**



# TORONTO

Friday Oct. 31, to  
Wednesday, Nov. 5.

# CONGRESS

## GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

IN COMMAND.

Program.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 8 p.m.

GREAT

## Public Reception

AT THE

### Massey Music Hall.

Between 300 and 400 Staff and Field Officers will be present.

There will be indescribable meetings, and scenes of enthusiasm, zeal, blessing, salvation and consecration, and baptism and the Holy Ghost.

Special Railway Arrangements—Single Fare and 15 cents—for the round trip to all persons attending the Congress. Note: Buy a Single Ticket to Toronto, and ask the ticket agent for a Standard Certificate. Present this Certificate at the S. A. Temple, with a payment of 15 cents, which will secure a free return ticket.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 7.30 p.m.

### United Soldiers' Council

at the S. A. Temple.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

### Grand Day of Salvation

at the Massey Music Hall.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 3, 4, 5,

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

Officers Who Desire Ellites should write at once to Brigadier Pickering, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Officers who expect to stay with friends while in Toronto should nevertheless notify the Brigadier of their coming, and the name and address of their Billees.

## Harvest Festival Songs.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadow,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By-and-by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Tune.—Where are the reapers?

2 Oh, where are the reapers that garner in the fields of truth?  
The sheaves of grain from the fields of sin;  
With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

Chorus.

Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come  
And share in the glory of the harvest home?  
Oh, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Go out in the by-ways and search them all;  
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall;  
Then search in the highways, and pass none by,  
But gather them all for the home on high.

The fields are all ripening, and far and wide  
The world is awaiting the harvest tide;  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain;  
Till on the hill the Lord of the harvest come,  
Then share in the joy of the harvest home.

Tune.—Praise (B.J. 143).

3 Our thankful hearts need joyful songs  
To tell Thee how all praise belongs,  
By right, dear Lord, to Thee.  
Thy power has worked to meet our wants,  
Thy love has silenced all complaints,  
Thy goodness, Lord, we see.

The sower's scattered seed has grown;  
But in it all Thy hand is shown—  
It gave the rain and sun,  
And quickened into life the seed;  
The harvest is Thy work indeed,  
And Thine shall be the song.

The reaper's sickle work has found;  
The gathered fruits from tree and ground  
With thankfulness we store.  
Thy truth, O Lord, Thy works declare,  
A Father's love forbids all fear—  
We'll trust and serve Thee more.

Oh, help us at this harvest time  
To test ourselves, by help Divine,  
To see what fruit we bear,  
What promise are we making Thee;  
As ripened souls we wish to be  
When harvest home draws near.

Tune.—Stella (B.F. 25).

To Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,  
With grateful hearts we now draw nigh,  
For all the fruits Thy generous soil  
Hath yielded in return for toil.  
We want henceforth our lives to be  
All fruitful in good work for Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou takest heed  
To all Thy creatures' daily need;  
That over us, on sea or land,  
Hes daily been Thy bounteous hand.  
We want henceforth our lives to be  
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

While heartfelt thanks to Thee ascend,  
With them new vows for war we bend,  
Determined in Thy strength to go  
And live for Thee 'gainst every foe.  
Henceforth each day our lives shall be  
Filled both with work and war for Thee.

Make us more earnest souls to save,  
As hourly we approach the grave;  
So that if, ere this time next year,  
We should before Thy throne appear,  
With joy we may Thy glory see,  
Because till death we fought for Thee.

Tune.—Wonderful peace; or, the  
merciful joy (B.J. 229).

By A. A. WHITEKER.

5 The most wonderful story  
I ever was told,  
And the story that ever I  
is the story of Jesus' most  
love,  
And that wonderful story is  
Chorus.

True, true, yes, it is true,  
That Jesus has suffered for thee,  
Gave His life on the cross to redeem  
you from hell,  
Through His death you may now  
made free.

Or, Joy, joy, wonderful joy, etc.

When He saw we were helpless  
and sinking in sin,  
And that no one could help or  
save,  
Then He left His bright home in  
heaven above,  
And His life as a ransom He gave  
for us.  
Though rejected by those whom He  
came to redeem,  
And betrayed by His own  
friend,  
And forsaken by all in the hour  
of death,  
Yet His love was the same to  
end.

And He now intercedes with His  
Father in heaven,  
And is pleading your cause at His  
throne,  
While you are rejecting His mercy  
and love;  
Was such wonderful love  
known?

Oh, how sad it will be if you  
should be lost,  
To reflect while the ages shall  
And remember the love and the mercy  
you spurned,  
Choose the world, while you have  
your soul.